POEMS

ON

SEVERAL

OCCASIONS.

BY

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.

IN

TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

GLASGOW,

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MDCCLIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LIONEL,

EARL OF

DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.

IT looks like no great compliment to your Lordſhip, that I prefix your name to this epiſtle; when, in the preface, I declare the book is publiſhed almoſt againſt my inclination. But, in all caſes, My Lord, You have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father; and moſt of the reſt, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, My Lord; the natural endowments of your mind, which, without ſuſpicion of flattery, I may tell you, are very great; the good education with which theſe parts have been improved; and your coming into the world, and ſeeing men very early; make us expect from your Lordſhip all the good, which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. 'tu Marcellus eris,'—our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You muſt be a judge and maſter of polite learning; a friend and patron to men of letters and merit; a faithful and able counſellor to your prince; a true patriot to your country; an ornament and honour to the titles you poſſeſs; and in one word, a worthy ſon to the great Earl of DORSET.

It is as impoſſible to mention that name, without deſiring to commend the perſon; as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deſerved. But I aſſure myſelf, the moſt agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordſhip, is to pay a grateful reſpect to your father's memory. And my own obligations to him were ſuch; that the world muſt pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miſcarry in the attempt.

A thouſand ornaments and graces met in the compoſition of this great man; and contributed to make him univerſally beloved and eſteem'd. The figure of his body was ſtrong, proportionable, beautiful: and were his picture well drawn, it muſt deſerve the praiſe given to the portraits of RAPHAEL; and, at once, create love and reſpect. While the greatneſs of his mien inform'd men, they were approaching the Nobleman; the ſweetneſs of it invited them to come nearer to the Patron. There was in his look and geſture ſomething that is more eaſily conceived than deſcribed; that gain'd upon you in his favour, before he ſpake one word. His behaviour was eaſy and courteous to all; but diſtinguiſhed and adapted to each man in particular, according to his ſtation and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good ſenſe.

Such were the natural faculties and ſtrength of his mind, that he had occaſion to borrow very little from education; and he owed thoſe advantages to his own good parts, which others acquire by ſtudy and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit in moſt writers is like a fountain in a garden, ſupply'd by ſe-

veral ſtreams brought through artful pipes, and playing ſometimes agreeably. But the Earl of DORSET's was a ſource riſing from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhauſtible ſupplies, delighted and inriched the country through which it paſs'd. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with ſo true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that whatever ſubject was before him, he diſcourſed as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his ſtudy had been apply'd that way; and he perfected his judgment by reading and digeſting the beſt authors, tho' he quoted them very ſeldom,

Contemnebat potius literas, quam neſciebat:

and rather ſeem'd to draw his knowledge from his own ſtores, than to owe it to any foreign aſſiſtance.

The brightneſs of his parts, the ſolidity of his judgment, and the candour and generoſity of his temper diſtinguiſh'd him in an age of great politeneſs, and at a court abounding with men of the fineſt ſenſe and learning. The moſt eminent maſters in their ſeveral ways appeal'd to his determination. WALLER thought it an honour to conſult him in the ſoftneſs and harmony of his verſe: and Dr. SPRAT, in the delicacy and turn of his proſe. DRYDEN determines by him, under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramatic poetry. BUTLER ow'd it to him, that the court taſted his Hudibras: WYCHERLEY, that the town liked his Plain Dealer: and the late Duke of BUCKINGHAM deferr'd to publiſh his Rehearſal; till he was ſure (as he expreſſed it) that my

Lord DORSET would not Rehearſe upon him again. If we wanted foreign teſtimony; LA FONTAINE and ST. EVREMONT have acknowledged, that he was a perfect maſter in the beauty and fineneſs of their language, and of all that they call les Belles Lettres. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature; but was the ſame in ſtatuary, painting, and all other parts of art. BERNINI would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and King CHARLES did not agree with LELY, that my Lady CLEVELAND's picture was finiſhed, 'till it had the approbation of my Lord BUCKHURST.

As the judgment which he made of others writings, could not be refuted; the manner in which he wrote, will hardly ever be equall'd. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinſically and ſolidly valuable; ſuch as, wrought or beaten thinner, would ſhine thro' a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new; and the expreſſion of it ſo particularly happy, that every body knew immediately, it could only be my Lord DORSET's: and yet it was ſo eaſy too, that every body was ready to imagine himſelf capable of writing it. There is a luſtre in his verſes, like that of the ſun in CLAUDE LORAINE's landſkips; it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love verſes have a mixture of delicacy and ſtrength; they convey the wit of PETRONIUS in the ſoftneſs of TIBULLUS. His ſatyr indeed is ſo ſeverely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the Earl of ROCHESTER (that other prodigy of the age) ſays he was;

The beſt good man, with the worſt natur'd muſe.

yet even here, that character may juſtly be applied to him, which PERSIUS gives of the beſt writer in this kind, that ever lived:

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.

and the gentleman had always ſo much the better of the ſatiriſt, that the perſons touched did not know where to fix their reſentments; and were forced to appear rather aſhamed than angry. Yet ſo far was this great author from valuing himſelf upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body elſe did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which however are always repeated: like the verſes and ſayings of the ancient DRUIDS, they retain an univerſal veneration; tho' they are preſerved only by memory.

As it is often ſeen, that thoſe men who are leaſt qualified for buſineſs, love it moſt; my Lord DORSET's character was, that he certainly underſtood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the poſſeſſion of two plentiful eſtates, and in an age when pleaſure was more in faſhion than buſineſs; he turned his parts rather to books and converſation, than to politics, and what more immediately related to the public. But whenever the ſafety of his country demanded his aſſiſtance, he readily entered into the moſt active parts of life; and underwent the greateſt dangers, with a conſtancy

of mind, which shewed, that he had not only read the rules of philosophy, but understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch war he went a volunteer under the Duke of YORK: his behaviour, during that campaign, was such, as distinguished the SACKVILLE descended from that HILDEBRAND of the name, who was one of the greatest captains that came into ENGLAND with the Conqueror. But his making a song the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded, as ALEXANDER's jesting with his soldiers, before he pass'd the GRANICUS: or WILLIAM the first of Orange, giving order over night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning, lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of King CHARLES's reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the bed-chamber to the King, and possess'd not only his master's favour, but (in a great degree) his familiarity; never leaving the court, but when he was sent to that of FRANCE, on some short commissions and embassies of compliment: as if the King designed to shew the FRENCH, (who would be thought the politest nation) that one of the finest gentlemen in EUROPE was his subject; and that we had a prince who understood his worth so well, as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither reliss'd my Lord's wit, nor approved his maxims: so he retired altoge-

ther from court. But as the irretrievable mistakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to resume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the Prince of ORANGE's interest; and carried on his part of that great enterprise here in LONDON, and under the eye of the court; with the same resolution, as his friend and fellow-patriot the late Duke of DEVONSHIRE did in open arms at NOTTINGHAM; 'till the dangers of those times encreased to extremity; and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the Princess, our present glorious Queen: then the Earl of DORSET was thought the properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose courage and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late Majesties upon the throne, there was room again at court for men of my Lord's character. He had a part in the councils of those Princes, a great share in their friendship; and all the marks of distinction, with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made chamberlain of their Majesties houshold; a place which he so eminently adorned by the grace of his person, and the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent; that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man, who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his sovereign, (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject

could receive) were, that he was made Knight of the Garter, and constituted one of the regents of the kingdom, during his Majesty's absence. But his health, about that time, sensibly declining; and the public affairs not threatned by any imminent danger; he left the business to those who delighted more in the state of it; and appeared only sometimes at council, to shew his respect to the commission: giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains, with which it pleased God to afflict him; and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked thro' the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the public, that thro' the course of his life, he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to sit quiet in the cabin, when the winds were allayed, and the waters smooth; but vigilant and ready to resume the helm, when the storm arose, and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, My Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late Lord Dorset's character: if I examine it not without some intention of finding fault; and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to some excesses: but they were accompanied with a most lively invention, and true humour. The little violences and easy mistakes of a night too gayly spent, (and that too in the beginning of life) were always set right the next day, with great humanity, and ample restitution. His faults brought their excuse with them, and his

very failings had their beauties. So much ſweetneſs accompanied what he ſaid, and ſo great generoſity what he did; that people were always prepoſſeſſed in his favour: and it was in fact true, what the late Earl of ROCHESTER ſaid in jeſt, to King CHARLES; that he did not know how it was, but my Lord DORSET might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very ſubject to paſſion; but the ſhort guſt was ſoon over, and ſerved only to ſet off the charms of his temper, when more compoſed. That very paſſion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable: while it laſted, he ſaid and forgot a thouſand things, which other men would have been glad to have ſtudied and wrote: but the impetuoſity was corrected upon a moment's reflection; and the meaſure alter'd with ſuch grace and delicacy, that you could ſcarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very ſharp in his reflections; but never in the wrong place. His darts were ſure to wound; but they were ſure too to hit none, but thoſe whoſe follies gave him very fair aim. And when he allowed no quarter; he had certainly been provoked by more than common error: by men's tedious and circumſtantial recitals of their affairs: or by their multiply'd queſtions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence; or the mixture of theſe, an ill-judg'd and never-ceaſing civility: or laſtly, by the two things which were his utter averſion; the inſinuation of a flatterer, and the whiſper of a tale-bearer.

If therefore we ſet the piece in its worſt poſition; if its faults be moſt expoſed; the ſhades will ſtill ap-

pear very finely join'd with their lights; and every imperfection will be diminiſhed by the luſtre of ſome neighbouring virtue. But if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light; the whole muſt appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He poſſeſſed all thoſe virtues in the higheſt degree, upon which the pleaſure of ſociety, and the happineſs of life depend: and he exerciſed them with the greateſt decency, and beſt manners. As good nature is ſaid, by a great * author, to belong more particularly to the ENGLISH, than any other nation; it may again be ſaid, that it belonged more particularly to the late Earl of DORSET, than to any other ENGLISHMAN.

A kind huſband he was, without fondneſs: and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a maſter, that this quality ought indeed to have been number'd among his defects: for he was often ſerved worſe than became his ſtation: from his unwillingneſs to aſſume an authority too ſevere. And, during thoſe little tranſports of paſſion, to which I juſt now ſaid he was ſubject; I have known his ſervants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after: for he that had the good fortune to be chid, was ſure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the laſt, that gave us an example of the old houſe-keeping of an ENGLISH nobleman. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his gueſts think himſelf at home: and an abundance, which ſhewed that the maſter's hoſpitality extended to many more, than thoſe who had the honour to ſit at table with him.

* Sprat. *Hiſt. of the Royal Society,*

In his dealings with others; his care and exactneſs, that every man ſhould have his due, was ſuch, that you would think he had never ſeen a court: the politeneſs and civility with which this juſtice was adminiſtred, would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was ſo ſtrict an obſerver of his word, that no conſideration whatever could make him break it; yet ſo cautious, leſt the merit of his act ſhould ariſe from that obligation only; that he uſually did the greateſt favours, without making any previous promiſe. So inviolable was he in his friendſhip, and ſo kind to the character of thoſe, whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance; that nothing leſs than a demonſtration of ſome eſſential fault, could make him break with them: and then too, his good nature did not conſent to it, without the greateſt reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one inſtance of this amongſt many. When, as lord chamberlain, he was obliged to take the King's penſion from Mr. DRYDEN, who had long before put himſelf out of a poſſibility of receiving any favour from the court: my Lord allowed him an equivalent, out of his own eſtate. However diſpleaſed with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his neceſſities; and while he gave him his aſſiſtance in private; in public, he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of theſe excellent qualities, and the perfection of my Lord DORSET's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenour of his life; and ſat as viſibly predomi-

nant over the other faculties of his ſoul; as ſhe is ſaid to do in heaven, above her ſiſter virtues.

Crouds of poor daily throng'd his gates, expecting thence their bread: and were ſtill leſſened by his ſending the moſt proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeſhips, or hoſpitals. The lazar and the ſick, as he accidentally ſaw them, were removed from the ſtreet to the phyſician, and many of them not only reſtored to health; but ſupplied with what might enable them to reſume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The priſoner has often been releaſed, by my Lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been ſaved by his interceſſion with the ſovereign; where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To thoſe whoſe circumſtances were ſuch as made them aſhamed of their poverty, he knew how to beſtow his munificence, without offending their modeſty; and under the notion of frequent preſents, gave them what amounted to a ſubſiſtence. Many yet alive know this to be true, though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneaſy, than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find among the Greeks and Latins, TIBULLUS, and GALLUS; the noblemen that writ poetry: AUGUSTUS and MARCENAS; the protectors of learning: ARISTIDES, the good citizen; and ATTICUS, the well-bred friend: and bring them in, as examples of my Lord DORSET's wit; his judgment; his juſtice; and his civility. But for his charity, My Lord, we can ſcarce find a parallel in hiſtory itſelf.

TITUS was not more the Deliciae Humani generis, on this account, than my Lord DORSET was.

end, without any exaggeration, that Prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private eſtate. Let this, My Lord, remain to you and your poſterity a poſſeſſion for ever; to be imitated, and if poſſible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I ſcarce knew what life was, ſooner than I found myſelf obliged to his favour; nor have had reaſon to feel any ſorrow, ſo ſenſibly as that of his death.

Ille dies——quem ſemper acerbum
Semper honoratum (ſic Dî voluiſtis) habebo.

Aeneas could not reflect upon the loſs of his own father with greater piety, My Lord, than I muſt recall the memory of yours: and when I think whoſe ſon I am writing to, the leaſt I promiſe myſelf from your goodneſs is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendſhip for life. To which, that I may with ſome juſtice intitle myſelf, I ſend your Lordſhip a dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praiſes, but with my ſincereſt wiſhes that you may deſerve them. That you may employ thoſe extraordinary parts and abilities with which heaven has bleſſed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open and noble, ſuch as may tell the world whoſe ſon and whoſe ſucceſſor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordſhip is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of good will. If any ver-

ders of my writing should appear in print, under another name and patronage, than that of an Earl of Dorset, people might suspect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end, if these poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occationally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope, that as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer studies) at your Lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection: happy, if in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight, or to your instruction, I am, with all duty and respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most Obedient, and

most Humble Servant,

MAT. PRIOR.

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PREFACE.

THE greateſt part of what I have written having been already publiſhed, either ſingly or in ſome of the miſcellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuſe for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, tho' without my knowledge, in which the publiſher has given me the honour of ſome things that did not belong to me; and has tranſcribed others ſo imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon ſome of thoſe lighter ſtudies, which I ought long ſince to have quitted, and to publiſh an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worſe.

Thus I beg pardon of the public for reprinting ſome pieces, which, as they came ſingly from their firſt impreſſion, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. TONSON's ſhop; and adding others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more ſafely, in a corner of my own ſtudy.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very diſtant times, and on very different occaſions: and take them as they happen to come, public panegyrics, amorous odes, ſerious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leiſure hours, who had buſineſs enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I take this occasion to thank my good friend and school-fellow, Mr. [illegible], for his excellent version of the Carmen Seculare, though my gratitude may justly carry a little envy with it; for I believe the most accurate judges will find the translation exceed the original.

I must likewise own myself obliged to Mrs. [illegible], who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing; that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex, and the fineness of her genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

POST-SCRIPT.

I MUST help my preface by a poſt-ſcript to tell the reader, that there is ten years diſtance between my writing one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have ſometimes ſaid, that I would publiſh no more poetry) he will find ſeveral copies of verſes ſcattered through this edition, which were not printed in the firſt. Thoſe relating to the publick ſtand in the order they did before, and according to the ſeveral years, in which they were written; however the diſpoſition of our national affairs, the actions, or the fortunes of ſome men, and the opinions of others may have changed. Proſe and other humane things may take what turn they can; but poetry, which pretends to have ſomething of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes once printed cannot well be altered, when the author has already ſaid that he expects his works ſhould live for ever. And it had been very fooliſh in my friend HORACE, if ſome years after his *Exegi Monumentum*, he ſhould have deſired to ſee his building taken down again.

The dedication likewiſe is reprinted to the Earl of DORSET, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration; though I had the faireſt opportunity, and the ſtrongeſt inclination to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes, which I ſaid the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by moſt noble and diſtinguiſhed firſt-fruits; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harveſt of all accumulated virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondneſs of my wiſhes could invent in his favour: his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging huſband; his children, a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance, a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the perſuaſion of his eloquence; and have been

convinced by the ſolidity of his reaſoning. He has, long ſince, deſerved and attained the honour of the garter. He has managed ſome of the charges of the kingdom with known ability; and laid them down with entire diſintereſtment. And as he continues the exerciſes of theſe eminent virtues (which that he may to a very old age, ſhall be my perpetual wiſh) he may be one of the greateſt men that our age, or poſſibly our nation has bred; and leave materials for a panegyric, not unworthy the pen of ſome future PLINY.

From ſo noble a ſubject as the Earl of DORSET, to ſo mean a one as myſelf, is (I confeſs) a very Pindaric tranſition. I ſhall only ſay one word, and trouble the reader no farther. I publiſhed my poems formerly, as Monſieur JOURDAIN ſold his ſilk: he would not be thought a tradeſman; but ordered ſome pieces to be meaſured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my ſhop, and diſpoſe of all my poetical goods at once: I muſt therefore deſire, that the public would pleaſe to take them in the groſs; and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

ON EXODUS III. 14.

I AM THAT I AM.

AN ODE.

Written 1688, *as an Exercise at St.* JOHN'S *College*, CAMBRIDGE.

I.

MAN! foolish man!
Scarce know'st thou how thyself began;
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art;
Yet steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting reason's dazled eye
Through the mysterious gulph of vast immensity.
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.
Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;
Mortifie thy learned lust:
Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art dust.

II.

Let wit her sails, her oars let wisdom lend;
The helm let politic experience guide:
Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride
Down spreading fate's unnavigable tide.

What, tho' ſtill it farther tend?
Still 'tis farther from its end;
And, in the boſom of that boundleſs ſea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

III.

With daring pride and inſolent delight
Your doubts reſolv'd you boaſt, your labours crown'd;
And, 'ΕΥΡΗΚΑ! your God, forſooth is found
Incomprehenſible and infinite.
But is he therefore found? vain ſearcher! no:
Let your imperfect definition ſhow,
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

IV.

Say, why ſhould the collected main
Itſelf within itſelf contain?
Why to its caverns ſhou'd it ſometimes creep,
And with delighted ſilence ſleep
On the lov'd boſom of its parent deep?
Why ſhou'd its num'rous waters ſtay
In comely diſcipline, and fair array,
'Till winds and tides exert their high command?
Then prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the riſing ſurges ſpread
Their op'ning ranks o'er earth's ſubmiſſive head,
Marching thro' different paths to different lands?

V.

Why does the conſtant ſun
With meaſur'd ſteps his radiant journeys run?
Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave earth's other part, and riſe in ours?
Why does he wake the correſpondent moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,

Commanding her with delegated pow'rs
To beautifie the world, and bleſs the night?
Why does each animated ſtar
Love the juſt limits of its proper ſphere?
Why does each conſenting ſign
With prudent harmony combine
In turns to move, and ſubſequent appear,
To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous curioſity
Theſe unfathom'd wonders try:
With fancy'd rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he reſtrains;
And ſtudy'd lines and fictious circles draws:
Then with imagin'd ſoveraignty
Lord of his new *hypotheſis* he reigns.
He reigns: how long? 'till ſome uſurper riſe;
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wiſe,
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
From this laſt toil again what knowledge flows?
Juſt as much, perhaps, as ſhows,
That all his predeceſſors rules
Were empty cant, all *jargon* of the ſchools;
That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne;
And ſhows his friend's miſtake, and thence confirms his own.

VII.

On earth, in air, amidſt the ſeas and ſkies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders riſe;
Whoſe tow'ring ſtrength will ne'er ſubmit
To reaſon's batteries, or the mines of wit:
Yet ſtill enquiring, ſtill miſtaking man,

Each hour repuls'd, each hour dare onward preſs;
And levelling at God his wandring gueſs,
(That feeble engine of his reaſoning war,
Which guides his doubts, and combats his deſpair)
Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give:
Can bound that nature, and preſcribe that will,
Whoſe pregnant word did either ocean fill:
Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move
Thro' either ocean, fooliſh man! [and live.
That pregnant word ſent forth again,
Might to a world extend each atom there;
For every drop call forth a ſea, a heav'n for every ſtar.

VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide;
And only lift thy ſtaggering reaſon up
To trembling Calvary's aſtoniſh'd top;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
Explaining how perfection ſuffer'd pain,
Almighty languiſh'd, and Eternal dy'd:
How by her patient victor death was ſlain;
And earth profan'd, yet bleſs'd with deicide.
Then down with all thy boaſted volumes, down;
Only reſerve the ſacred one:
Low, reverently low,
Make thy ſtubborn knowledge bow;
Weep out thy reaſon's, and thy body's eyes;
Deject thyſelf, that thou may'ſt riſe;
To look to heav'n, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then faith, for reaſon's glimmering light, ſhall give
Her immortal perſpective;
And grace's preſence nature's loſs retrieve:

Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,
That all the volumes of philosophy,
With all their comments, never cou'd invent
So politic an instrument,
To reach the heav'n of heav'ns, the high abode,
Where Moses places his mysterious God,
As was that ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
When light divine had human darkness clear'd;
And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
Which faith had dictated, and angels trode.

To the COUNTESS *of* EXETER, *playing on the* Lute.

WHAT charms you have, from what high race you sprung,
Have been the pleasing subjects of my song:
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I write,
Of Candish beauty join'd to Cecil's wit.
But when you please to show the lab'ring muse,
What greater theme your music can produce;
My babling praises I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.
The Persians thus first gazing on the sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone;
But, as his pow'r was known, their thoughts were rais'd;
And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.
Eliza's glory lives in Spencer's song;
And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda young.
That as in birth, in beauty you excell,
The muse might dictate, and the poet tell:

Your art no other art can speak; and you,
To show how well you play, must play anew:
Your muse's pow'r your music must disclose;
For what light is, 'tis only light that shows.

Strange force of harmony, that thus controuls
Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls:
While with its utmost art your sex cou'd move
Our wonder only, or at best our love:
You far above both these your god did place,
That your high pow'r might worldly thoughts de-
stroy;
That with your numbers you our zeal might raise,
And, like himself, communicate your joy.

When to your native heav'n you shall repair,
And with your presence crown the blessings there,
Your lute may wind its strings but little higher,
To tune their notes to that immortal quire.
Your art is perfect here; your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude atheist know,
That there's a heav'n, by what he hears below.

As in some piece, while Luke his skill express,
A cunning angel came, and drew the rest:
So when you play, some godhead does impart
Harmonious aid, divinity helps art;
Some cherub finishes what you begun,
And to a miracle improves a tune.
To burning Rome when frantic Nero play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
The raging flames; but struck with strange surprise,
Confess'd them less than those of Anna's eyes:
But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd:

Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wall'd the ſtone,
And from deſtruction call'd the riſing town:
Malice to muſic had been forc'd to yield;
Nor could he burn ſo faſt, as thou cou'dſt build.

PICTURE *of* SENECA *dying in a* Bath. *By* JORDAIN. *At the right honourable the* EARL *of* EXETER's *at* Burleigh-houſe.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains
The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By ſtudy worn, and ſlack with age,
How dull, how thoughtleſs is his rage?
Heighten'd revenge he ſhould have took;
He ſhould have burnt his tutor's book;
And long have reign'd ſupream in vice:
One nobler wretch can only riſe;
'Tis he whoſe fury ſhall deface
The Stoic's image in this piece.
For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
Thy work and Seneca's remain,
He ſtill has body, ſtill has ſoul,
And lives and ſpeaks, reſtor'd and whole.

ANODE.

I.

WHILE blooming youth, and gay delight
Sit on thy roſey cheeks confeſt,
Thou haſt, my dear, undoubted right
To triumph o'er this deſtin'd breaſt.

My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain;
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

II.

But would you meanly thus rely
On power, you know, I must obey?
Exert a legal tyranny;
And do an ill, because you may?
Still must I thee, as atheists Heav'n adore;
Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power?

III.

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, *Time* is blind:
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find:
The thousand loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears;
And putting peevish humours on,
Seems but the sad effect of years:
Kindness itself too weak a charm will prove,
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

V.

Form'd compliments, and formal bows
Will shew thee just above neglect:
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will settle into cold respect:
A talking dull Platonic I shall turn;
Learn to be civil when I cease to burn.

VI.

Then ſhun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindneſs and conſtancy will prove
The only pillars fit to bear
So vaſt a weight, as that of love.
If thou canſt wiſh to make my flames endure,
Thine muſt be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haſte, Celia, haſte, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's preſent voice;
Fill ev'ry ſenſe with ſoft delights,
And give thy ſoul a looſe to joys:
Let millions of repeated bliſſes prove,
That thou all kindneſs art, and I all love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams to guide
To me alone; nor come ſo far,
As liking any youth beſide:
What men e'er court thee, fly 'em, and believe
They're ſerpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

IX.

So ſhall I court thy deareſt truth,
When beauty ceaſes to engage;
So thinking on thy charming youth,
I'll love it o'er again in age:
So *Time* itſelf our raptures ſhall improve,
While ſtill we wake to joy, and live to love.

An EPISTLE *to* FLETWOOD SHEPHERD, *Esq;*
Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

SIR,

AS once a twelvemonth to the priest,
Holy at Rome, here antichrist,
The Spanish King presents a Jennet,
To shew his love;——That's all that's in it:
For if his Holiness would thump
His reverend bum 'gainst horse's rump,
He might b'equipt from his own stable
With one more white, and one more able.
Or as with Gondola's and men, his
Good excellence the Duke of Venice
(I wish, for rhime, t'had been the king)
Sails out, and gives the gulph a ring;
Which trick of state, he wisely maintains,
Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance:
For else, in honest truth, the sea
Has much less need of gold, than he.
Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
For Popish similies beyond seas;
As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent;
Present a turkey, or a hen
To those might better spare them ten
Ev'n so, with all submission, I
(For first men instance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay respect, and not show wit:
Nor look askew at what is said;
There's no petition in it,——'faith,
Here some would scratch their heads, and try
What they should write, and how, and why;
But I conceive, such folks are quite in
Mistakes, in theory of writing,
If once for principle 'tis laid,
That thought is trouble to the head;
I argue thus: the world agrees,
That he writes well, who writes with ease:
Then he, by sequel logical,
Writes best, who never thinks at all.
Verse comes from heav'n, like inward light;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by't;
The god, not we, the poem makes;
We only tell folks what he speaks.
Hence, when anatomists discourse,
How like brutes organs are to ours;
They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might soon be made a wit;
And that, for any thing in nature,
Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satyr.
Memnon, tho' stone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the god, mean while, that spoke all.
Rome oft has heard a cross harangue;
With prompting priest behind the hanging;
The wooden head resolv'd the question;
While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.
Your crabed rogues that read Lucretius,
Are against gods, you know; and trash us.

The god makes not the poet; but
The thesis, *vice-versâ* put,
Should Hebrew-wise be understood;
And means, the poet makes the god.
Aegyptian gard'ners thus are said to
Have set the leeks they after pray'd to;
And Romish bakers praise the deity
They chipp'd, while yet in its paniety.

That when you poets swear and cry,
The god inspires; I rave, I die;
If inward wind does truly swell ye,
'T must be the cholic in your belly;
That writing is but just like dice,
And lucky mains make people wise:
That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a speech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.

So atoms dancing round the center,
They urge, made all things at a venture.

But granting matters shou'd be spoke
By method, rather than by luck;
This may confine their younger stiles,
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's:
But never cou'd be meant to tye
Authentic wits, like you and I:
For as young children, who are try'd in
Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding;
When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
Make use of such machine no longer;
But leap *pro libitu*, and scout
On horse call'd hobby, or without:

So when at school we first declaim,
Old Busbey walks us in a theme,
Whose props support our infant vein;
And help the rickets in the brain:
But when our souls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's estate;
In verse or prose, we write or chat,
Not six-pence matter upon what.
'Tis not how well an author says;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.
Tonson, who is himself a wit,
Counts writers merits by the sheet.
Thus each should down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.
Kind Sir, I should be glad to see you;
I hope y'are well; so God be wi' you;
Was all I thought at first to write:
But things since then, are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and muse flies high:
So God knows when my clack will lye:
I must, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your pardon yet this half hour.
So at pure barn of loud *Non-con*,
Where with my granam I have gone,
When Lobb had sifted all his text,
And I well hop'd the pudding next;
Now to apply, has plagu'd me more,
Than all his villain cant before.
For your religion, first, of her
Your friends do sav'ry things aver:
They say, she's honest, as your claret,
Not sowr'd with cant, nor stum'd with merit;

Your chamber is the sole retreat
Of [illegible] ev'ry Sunday night:
Of grace, no doubt, a certain sign,
When lay-man herds with man divine:
For if their fame be justly great,
Who treated the Popish nuncio treat;
That his is greater, we must grant,
Who will treat nuncios protestant.
One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.
In politics, I hear, you're stanch,
Directly bent against the French;
Deny to have your free-born toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe:
Are in no plots; but fairly drive as
The public welfare, in your private:
And will, for England's glory try
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits to defy,
And keep your places 'till you die.
For me, whom wandring fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the town and you;
Let me just tell you how my time is
Past in a country life.——*Imprimis*,
As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,
First, [illegible], and then I breakfast;
[illegible] does set
[illegible] study, sometimes eat.
Thus, of your heroes, and brave boys,
With whom old [illegible] makes such noise,
The gravest allows I can find,
Are, that they did their work, and din'd.

The books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such as you have whilom con'd;
That treat of China's civil law,
And subject's right in Golconda;
Of highway-elephants at Ceylan,
That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland;
Of apes that storm, or keep a town,
As well almost as Count Lauzun;
Of unicorns and alligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,
And twenty other stranger matters;
Which, tho' they're things I've no concern in,
Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Critics I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again;
From whose remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.

Then all your wits that shear and sham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Trim,
From whom I jests and puns purloin,
And slily put 'em off for mine:
Fond to be thought a country wit,
The rest,—when fate and you think fit.

Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
To bord'd ale, and neighbouring liquor;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
Squire Shepherd's health,—much with all my heart.

Thus, without much delight, or grief,
I fool away an idle life;
'Till Shadwell from the town retires,
(Choak'd up with fame and sea-coal fires,)

To bleſs the wood with peaceful lyric;
Then hey for praiſe and panegyric;
Juſtice reſtor'd, and nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

To the COUNTESS *of* DORSET. *Written in her* MILTON. *By Mr.* BRADBURY.

SEE here how bright the firſt-born virgin ſhone,
And how the firſt fond lover was undone.
Such charming words, our beauteous mother ſpoke,
As Milton wrote, and ſuch as yours her look:
Yours, the beſt copy of th' original face,
Whoſe beauty was to furniſh all the race:
Such chains no author could eſcape but he;
There's no way to be ſafe, but not to ſee.

To the LADY DURSLEY, *on the ſame ſubject.*

HERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by ſin Eve's blaſted charms decay'd;
Our common loſs unjuſtly you complain; —
So ſmall that part of it, which you ſuſtain.
You ſtill, fair mother, in your offspring trace
The ſtock of beauty deſtin'd for the race:
Kind nature, forming them, the pattern took
From Heav'n's firſt work, and Eve's original look.
You, happy ſaint, the ſerpent's pow'r controul:
Scarce any actual guile defiles your ſoul:
And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boaſt,
Which gains a heav'n, for earthly Eden loſt.

With virtue ſtrong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had bluſh'd, or ſerpent charm'd:
Nor had our bliſs by penitence been bought;
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

To my LORD BUCKHURST, *very young, playing with a cat.*

THE am'rous youth, whoſe tender breaſt
Was by his darling cat poſſeſt,
Obtain'd of Venus his deſire,
Howe'er irregular his fire:
Nature the pow'r of love obey'd:
The cat became a bluſhing maid;
And, on the happy change, the boy
Imploy'd his wonder, and his joy.

Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
Leſt thou prefer ſo raſh a pray'r:
Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
Will e'er thy fav'rite's charms improve,
O quickly from her ſhrine retreat;
Or tremble for thy darling's fate.

The Queen of Love, who ſoon will ſee
Her own Adonis live in thee,
Will lightly her firſt loſs deplore;
Will eaſily forgive the boar:
Her eyes with tears no more will flow;
With jealous rage her breaſt will glow;
And on her tabby rival's face
She deep will mark her new diſgrace.

AN ODE.

I.

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you gueſs
The ſecret paſſions of our mind;
My heavy eyes, you ſay, confeſs,
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas! but little art,
To have this fatal ſecret found;
With the ſame eaſe you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may ſhow the wound.

III.

How can I ſee you, and not love;
While you, as op'ning eaſt, are fair?
While cold, as northern blaſts, you prove;
How can I love, and not deſpair?

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may releaſe;
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair prophetreſs, my grief would ceaſe.

A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
You wiſh fair winds may waft him over.
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?

Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal thoſe that I ſuſtain,
From ſlighted vows, and cold diſdain?

Be gentle, and in pity chooſe
To wiſh the wildeſt tempeſts looſe;
That thrown again upon the coaſt,
Where firſt my ſhipwreck'd heart was loſt,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of ſlighted vows and cold diſdain.

The DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS ſhun'd his fellow-ſwains,
Their rural ſports, and jocund ſtrains:
(Heav'n guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
He loſt his crook, he left his flocks;
And wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs woe.

The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came:
His grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek:
He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave 'em back their friendly tears;
He ſigh'd, but would not ſpeak.

Clorinda came among the reſt;
And ſhe too kind concern expreſt,
And aſk'd the reaſon of his woe:

She ask'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mourniful head;
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear;
Which never ſhou'd offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cauſe of all my care:
Your eyes ten thouſand dangers dart;
Ten thouſand torments vex my heart:
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
And yet, I pardon you, ſhe cry'd:
But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or ſpeak your pain:
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

To the Honourable CHARLES MONTAGUE, *Eſq;*

I.

HOWE'ER, 'tis well, that while mankind
Thro' fate's perverſe Maeander errs,
He can imagin'd pleaſures find,
To combat againſt real cares.

II.

Fancies and notions he purſues,
Which ne'er had being but in thought:
Each like the Grecian artiſt, woo's
The image he himſelf has wrought.

III.

Againſt experience he believes;
He argues againſt demonſtration;
Pleas'd, when his reaſon he deceives;
And ſets his judgment by his paſſion.

IV.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has ſtruggl'd with continu'd ſorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The deſp'rate bett upon to-morrow.

V.

To-morrow comes: 'tis noon, 'tis night;
This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs to ſeek delight
To-morrow, 'till to-night he dies:

VI.

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height:
The little pleaſure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

VII.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In ſearch of what we like, employ:
Scorning at night the worthleſs prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

VII.

At distance thro' an artful glass
To the mind's eye things well appear:
They lose their forms, and make a mass
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

IX.

If we see right, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows;
The only wretched are the wise.

X.

We weary'd should lie down in death:
This cheat of life would take no more;
If you thought fame but empty breath;
I, Phillis but a perjur'd whore.

HYMN *to the* SUN. *Set by Dr.* PURCELL, *and sung before their* MAJESTIES *on New-years-day,* 1694.

I.

LIGHT of the world, the ruler of the year,
With happy speed begin thy great career;
And, as thou dost thy radiant journies run,
Through every distant climate own,
That in fair Albion thou hast seen
The greatest Prince, the brightest Queen,
That ever sav'd a land, or blest a throne, [known,
Since first thy beams were spread, or genial power was

II.

So may thy godhead be confeſt,
So the returning year be bleſt,
As his infant months beſtow
Springing wreaths for William's brow;
As his ſummer's youth ſhall ſhed
Eternal ſweets around Maria's head.
From the bleſſings they beſtow,
Our times are dated, and our æras move:
They govern, and enlighten all below,
As thou doſt all above.

III.

Let our hero in the war
Active and fierce, like thee, appear:
Like thee, great ſon of Jove, like thee
When clad in riſing majeſty,
Thou marcheſt down o'er Delos' hills confeſt,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory dreſt,
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,
The raging Python to deſtroy,
And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

IV.

From faireſt years, and time's more happy ſtores,
Gather all the ſmiling hours;
Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars;
Such as with conqueſt have rewarded
Triumphant victors happy cares;
Such as ſtory has recorded
Sacred to Naſſau's long renown,
For countries ſav'd, and battles won.

V.

March them again in fair array,
And bid them form the happy day,
The happy day design'd to wait
On William's fame, and Europe's fate.
Let the happy day be crown'd
With great event, and fair success;
No brighter in the year be found,
But that which brings the victor home in peace.

VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,
Great in wisdom as in power;
Again, for good Maria's sake, and ours,
Choose out other smiling hours;
Such as with joyous wings have fled,
When happy counsels were advising;
Such as have lucky omens shed
O'er forming laws, and empires rising;
Such as many courfers ran,
Hand in hand, a goodly train,
To bless the great Eliza's reign;
And in the typic glory show,
What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow.

VII.

As the solemn hours advance,
Mingled send into the dance
Many fraught with all the treasures,
Which thy eastern travel views;
Many wing'd with all the pleasures,
Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuse:
That great Maria all those joys may know,
Which, from her cares, upon her subjects flow.

VIII.

For thy own glory ſing our ſovereign's praiſe,
God of verſes and of days:
Let all thy tuneful ſons adorn
Their laſting works with William's name;
Let choſen muſes yet unborn
Take great Maria for their future theme:
Eternal ſtructures let them raiſe,
On William and Maria's praiſe:
Nor want new ſubject for the ſong;
Nor fear they can exhauſt the ſtore;
'Till nature's muſic lies unſtrung;
'Till thou, great god, ſhalt loſe thy double pow'r;
And touch thy lyre, and ſhoot thy beams no more.

The LADY's LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the ſand-hills to the ſea:
The ſetting ſun adorn'd the coaſt,
His beams intire, his fierceneſs loſt:
And, on the ſurface of the deep,
The winds lay only not aſleep:
The nymph did like the ſcene appear,
Serenely pleaſant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With ſecret joy I heard her ſay,
That ſhe would never miſs one day
A walk ſo fine, a ſight ſo gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempeſts charge the ſky;

The light'ning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frighten'd shoars.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;
And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
Approach the shoar, or view the main.
Once more at least look back, said I,
Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good humour drest,
When gentle reason rules thy breast;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love:
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shoar.
But when vain doubt, and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip, and wat'ry eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh:
'Tis then, thou art your angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.
Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make;
While love and fate still drive me back:
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE *and* FRIENDSHIP: *a* PASTORAL.
By Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the skies the ruddy sun descends;
And rising night the evening shade extends;
While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field;
And closing flowers reviving odours yield:
Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
What from our hearts, our muses may indite.
Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,
Lest any swain our am'rous secrets hear.

SILVIA.

To ev'ry shepherd I would mine proclaim;
Since fair Aminta is my softest theme:
A stranger to the loose delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendship prove:
And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious god of love, my breast inspire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire:
Propitious god of love, thy succour bring;
Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis sing,
Alexis, as the op'ning blossoms fair,
Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.
For him each virgin sighs: and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the echoing groves, and whisp'ring spring,
In sweeter strains does artful Conon sing;

When loud applauſes fill the crouded groves;
And Phoebus the ſuperior ſong approves.

SILVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy ſhades of night.
When ſhe is near, all anxious trouble flies;
And our reviving hearts confeſs her eyes.
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay deſires,
In ev'ry breaſt the beauteous nymph inſpires;
And on the plain when ſhe no more appears;
The plain a dark and gloomy proſpect wears.
In vain the ſtreams roll on: the eaſtern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees.
In vain the birds begin their ev'ning ſong,
And to the ſilent night their notes prolong:
Nor groves, nor cryſtal ſtreams, nor verdant field
Does wonted pleaſure in her abſence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And in his abſence, all the penſive day,
In ſome obſcure retreat I lonely ſtray;
All day to the repeating caves complain
In mournful accents, and a dying ſtrain.
Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around;
Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales reſound.

SILVIA.

On flow'ry banks, by ev'ry murm'ring ſtream,
Aminta is my muſe's ſofteſt theme:
'Tis ſhe that does my artful notes refine:
With fair Aminta's name my nobleſt verſe ſhall ſhine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine freſh garlands for Alexis' brows,
And conſecrate to him eternal vows:

The charming youth ſhall my Apollo prove:
He ſhall adorn my ſongs, and tune my voice to love.

To the AUTHOR *of the foregoing* PASTORAL.

BY Silvia if thy charming ſelf be meant;
If friendſhip be thy virgin vows extent;
O! let me in Aminta's praiſes join:
Her's my eſteem ſhall be, my paſſion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare;
A ſecond wreath ſhall bind Aminta's hair;
And when my choiceſt ſongs thy worth proclaim,
Alternate verſe ſhall bleſs Aminta's name:
My heart ſhall own the juſtice of her cauſe;
And Love himſelf ſubmit to friendſhip's laws.
But, if beneath thy numbers ſoft diſguiſe,
Some favour'd ſwain, ſome true Alexis lies,
If Amaryllis breathes thy ſecret pains;
And thy fond heart beats meaſure to thy ſtrains:
May'ſt thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind:
May Venus long exert her happy pow'r,
And make thy beauty, like thy verſe, endure:
May ev'ry god his friendly aid afford;
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bleſs thy board.
But, if by chance the ſeries of thy joys
Permit one thought leſs chearful to ariſe;
Piteous transfer it to the mournful ſwain,
Who loving much, who not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated paſſion's laſt exceſs;
And dies in woe, that thou may'ſt live in peace.

To a LADY: *she refusing to continue a dispute with me, and leaving me in the argument.*

AN ODE.

I.

SPARE, gen'rous victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

II.

In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue bely'd;
And in my looks you might have read,
How much I argu'd on your side.

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight:
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

IV.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On reason's force with beauty's join'd?
Can'd I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view,
Was all the glory I desir'd.

VI.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd:
And, arm'd with more immediate pow'r,
Calls cruel silence to her aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight:
She drops her arms, to gain the field:
Secures her conquest by her flight;
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

VIII.

So when the Parthian turn'd his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew;
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent; and as he fled, he slew.

Seeing the DUKE *of* ORMOND'S *Picture at Sir* GODFREY KNELLER'S.

OUT from the injur'd canvas, Kneller, strike
These lines too faint: the picture is not like.
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again:
Dreadful in arms, on Landen's glorious plain
Place Ormond's Duke: impendent in the air
Let his keen sabre, comet-like, appear,
Where-e'er it points, denouncing death: below
Draw routed squadrons, and the num'rous foe
Falling beneath, or flying from his blow:
'Till weak, with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood,
Which from the patriot's breast in torrents flow'd,
He faints: his steed no longer bears the rein;
But stumbles o'er the heap, his hand had slain.

And now exhauſted, bleeding, pale he lies:
Lovely, ſad object! in his half-cloſ'd eyes
Stern vengeance yet, and hoſtile terror ſtand:
His front yet threatens; and his frowns command.
The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call;
Fear to approach him, tho' they ſee him fall.—
O Kneller, could thy ſhades and lights expreſs
The perfect heroe in that glorious dreſs;
Ages to come might Ormond's picture know;
And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow:
In ſpite of time thy work might ever ſhine;
Nor Homer's colours laſt ſo long as thine.

CELIA TO DAMON.

Atque in amore mala haec proprio, ſummeque ſecundo
Inveniuntur——— Lucret. Lib. 4.

WHAT can I ſay, what arguments can prove
My truth, what colours can deſcribe my love,
If its exceſs and fury be not known,
In what thy Celia has already done?
Thy infant flames, whilſt yet they were conceal'd
In tim'rous doubts, with pity I beheld;
With eaſy ſmiles diſpell'd the ſilent fear,
That durſt not tell me, what I dy'd to hear:
In vain I ſtrove to check my growing flame;
Or ſhelter paſſion under friendſhip's name:
You ſaw my heart, how it my tongue bely'd;
And when you preſs'd, how faintly I deny'd——
Ere guardian thought could bring its ſcatter'd aid;
Ere reaſon could ſupport the doubting maid;

My ſoul ſurpriz'd, and from herſelf disjoin'd,
Left all reſerve, and all the ſex behind:
From your command her motions ſhe receiv'd:
And not for me, but you, ſhe breath'd and liv'd.
But ever bleſt be Cytherea's ſhrine;
And fires eternal on her altars ſhine;
Since thy dear breaſt has felt an equal wound;
Since in thy kindneſs my deſires are crown'd.
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis ſhown,
Thy joys are center'd all in me alone;
And ſure I am, thou wouldſt not change this hour
For all the white ones, fate has in its pow'r.——
Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to exceſs,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliſs,
In this great moment, in this golden now,
When ev'ry trace of what, or when, or how,
Shou'd from my ſoul by raging love be torn,
And far on ſwelling ſeas of rapture born;
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye;
And my heart labours with a ſudden ſigh:
Invading fears repel my coward joy;
And ills foreſeen the preſent bliſs deſtroy.
Poor as it is, this beauty was the cauſe,
That with firſt ſighs your panting boſom roſe:
But with no owner beauty long will ſtay,
Upon the wings of time born ſwift away:
Paſs but ſome fleeting years, and theſe poor eyes
(Where now without a boaſt ſome luſtre lyes)
No longer ſhall their little honours keep;
Shall only be of uſe to read or weep:
And on this forehead, where your verſe has ſaid,
The *Loves* delighted, and the *Graces* play'd;

Insulting age will trace his cruel way,
And leave sad marks of his destructive sway.
Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may
increase,
And as the fuel sinks, the flame decrease:
Or angry heav'n may quicker darts prepare;
And sickness strike what time a while wou'd spare.
Then will my swain his glowing vows renew?
Then will his throbbing heart to mine be true?
When my own face deters me from my glass;
And Kneller only shews what Celia was.
Fantastic *Fame* may sound her wild alarms;
Your country, as you think, may want your arms.
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
Whose smoke too long obscur'd your rising name:
And quickly cold indifference will ensue;
When your love's joys thro' honour's optic view.
Then Celia's loudest pray'r will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd breast to bring you back;
When my lost lover the tall ship ascends,
With music gay, and wet with jovial friends:
The tender accent of a woman's cry
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough seaman's louder shouts prevail;
When fair occasion shews the springing gale;
And int'rest guides the helm; and honour swells
the sail.
Some wretched lines from this neglected hand,
May find my hero on the foreign strand,
Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new com-
mands;

While she who wrote 'em, of all joy bereft,
To the rude censure of the world is left;
Her mangl'd fame in barb'rous pastime lost,
The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.
But nearer care (O pardon it!) supplies
Sighs to my breast, and sorrow to my eyes.
Love, love himself (the only friend I have)
May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave.
That tyrant god, that restless conqueror
May quit his pleasure, to assert his pow'r;
Forsake the provinces that bless his sway,
To vanquish those that will not yet obey.
Another nymph with fatal pow'r may rise,
To damp the sinking beams of Celia's eyes;
With haughty pride may hear her charms confest;
And scorn the ardent vows that I have blest:
You ev'ry night may sigh for her in vain;
And rise each morning to some fresh disdain:
While Celia's softest look may cease to charm;
And her embraces want the pow'r to warm:
While these fond arms, thus circling you, may prove
More heavy chains, than those of hopeless love.
Just gods! all other things their like produce:
The vine arises from her mother's juice:
When feeble plants or tender flow'rs decay;
They to their seed their images convey:
Where the old myrtle her good influence sheds;
Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads:
And when the parent rose decays, and dies;
With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.
That product only which our passions bear,
Eludes the planter's miserable care:

While blooming love aſſures us golden fruit;
Some inborn poiſon taints the ſecret root:
Soon fall the flow'rs of joy; ſoon ſeeds of hatred ſhoot.

Say, ſhepherd, ſay, are theſe reflections true?
Or was it but the woman's fear, that drew
This cruel ſcene, unjuſt to love and you?
Will you be only, and for ever mine?
Shall neither time, nor age our ſouls disjoin?
From this dear boſom ſhall I ne'er be torn?
Or you grow cold, reſpectful, or forſworn?
And can you not for her you love do more,
Than any youth for any nymph before?

AN ODE,

Presented to the KING, *on his* MAJESTY'S *arrival in* HOLLAND *after the* QUEEN'S *death.* 1695.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? praecipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene.

I.

AT Mary's tomb, (sad, sacred place!)
The Virtues shall their vigils keep;
And every Muse and every Grace
In solemn state shall ever weep.

II.

The future, pious, mournful fair,
Oft as the rolling years return,
With fragrant wreaths, and flowing hair,
Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

III.

For her the wise and great shall mourn;
When late records her deeds repeat,
Ages to come, and men unborn
Shall bless her name, and sigh her fate.

IV.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
Her holy Queen's sad reliques guard;
'Till Heav'n awakes the precious dust,
And gives the saint her full reward.

V.

But let the King dismiss his woes,
Reflecting on her fair renown;
And take the cypress from his brows,
To put his wonted laurels on.

VI.

If prest by grief our monarch stoops;
In vain the British lions roar:
If he, whose hand sustain'd them, droops;
The Belgic darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattel'd Princes wait the chief,
Whose voice should rule, whose arm shou'd lead;
And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
Which hinders Europe being freed.

VIII.

The great example they demand,
Who still to conquest led the way;
Wishing him present to command,
As they stand ready to obey.

IX.

They seek that joy, which to glow,
Expanded on the hero's face;
When the thick squadrons prest the foe,
And William led the glorious chase.

X.

To give the mourning nations joy,
Restore them thy auspicious light,
Great sun: with radiant beams destroy
Those clouds, which keep thee from our sight.

XI.

Let thy ſublime meridian courſe
For Mary's ſetting rays atone:
Our luſtre, with redoubl'd force,
Muſt now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious King, with diff'rent ſtrife
Thy ſtruggling Albion's boſom torn:
So much ſhe fears for William's life,
That Mary's fate ſhe dare not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy ſofter half
Bury'd and loſt, ſhe ought to grieve:
But let her ſtrength in thee be ſafe:
And let her weep; but let her live.

XIV.

Thou, guardian angel, ſave the land
From thy own grief, her fierceſt foe:
Leſt Britain, reſcu'd by thy hand,
Should bend and ſink beneath thy woe.

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
Unleſs new trophies ſtill be fought;
And hoary majeſty ſuſtain
The bowels, which thy youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,
Which made her hate the war's alarms?
That ſoft exceſs, with which ſhe ſtrove
To keep her hero in her arms?

XVII.

While ſtill ſhe chid the coming ſpring,
Which call'd him o'er his ſubject ſeas:
While, for the ſafety of the King,
She wiſh'd the victor's glory leſs.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: ſad Britain now
Haſtens her Lord to foreign wars:
Happy, if toils may break his woe;
Or dangers may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din ſhe drowns her ſighs,
Leſt he the riſing grief ſhould hear;
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Leſt he ſhould ſee the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty Prince, let France be taught,
How conſtant minds by grief are try'd;
How great the land, that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the battel make it known,
Where death with all his darts is ſeen,
That he can touch thy heart with none,
But that which ſtruck the beauteous Queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her maſter was not near;
With ſullen pride refus'd relief,
And ſat obdurate in deſpair.

XXIII.

As waters from her ſluices, flow'd
Unbounded ſorrow from her eyes:
To earth her bended front ſhe bow'd,
And ſent her wailings to the ſkies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious Lord return'd;
Rais'd is her head; her eyes are dry'd:
She ſmiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd;
She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That freedom which all ſorrows claim,
She does for thy content reſign:
Her piety itſelf would blame;
If her regrets ſhould waken thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy woe, ſhe ſhews thy fame:
Leſt the great mourner ſhould forget,
That all the race, whence Orange came,
Made virtue triumph over fate.

XXVII.

William his country's cauſe cou'd fight,
And with his blood her freedom ſeal:
Maurice and Henry guard that right,
For which their pious parents fell.

XXVIII.

How heroes riſe, how patriots ſet,
Thy father's bloom and death may tell;
Excelling others theſe were great:
Thou, greater ſtill, muſt theſe excell.

XXIX.

The laſt fair inſtance thou muſt give,
Whence Naſſau's virtue can be try'd;
And ſhew the world, that thou canſt live
Intrepid, as thy conſort dy'd.

XXX.

Thy virtue, whoſe reſiſtleſs force
No dire event could ever ſtay,
Muſt carry on its deſtin'd courſe;
Tho' death and envy ſtop the way.

XXXI.

For Britain's ſake, for Belgia's, live;
Pierc'd by their grief forget thy own;
New toils endure; new conqueſt give;
And bring them eaſe, tho' thou haſt none.

XXXII.

Vanquiſh again; tho' ſhe be gone,
Whoſe garland crown'd the victor's hair:
And reign; tho' ſhe has left the throne,
Who made thy glory worth thy care.

XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before
Breath'd to her King a uſeleſs pray'r:
Fond Belgia never did implore,
While William turn'd averſe his ear.

XXXIV.

But ſhould the weeping hero now
Relentleſs to their wiſhes prove;
Should he recall, with pleaſing woe,
The object of his grief and love;

XXXV.

Her face with thousand beauties blest,
Her mind with thousand virtues fer'd,
Her pow'r with boundless joy confest,
Her person only not ador'd:

XXXVI.

Yet ought his sorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his passions to abate;
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death compleat.

XXXVII.

She was instructed to command,
Great King, by long obeying thee:
Her scepter guided by thy hand,
Preserv'd the isles, and rul'd the sea.

XXXVIII.

But oh! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame:
In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
Amidst the stars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives its forms, thy virtues roll:
From Mary's glory, angels trace
The beauty of her partner's soul.

XL.

Wise fate, which does its heaven decree
To heroes, when they yield their breath,
Hastens thy triumph. Half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

XLI.

Alone to thy renown 'tis giv'n,
Unbounded thro' all worlds to go;
While ſhe great ſaint rejoices heav'n;
And thou ſuſtain'ſt the orb below.

In IMITATION *of* ANACREON.

LET 'em cenſure: what care I?
The herd of critics I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write
Regardleſs of their grace, or ſpite.
No, no: the fair, the gay, the young
Govern the numbers of my ſong.
All that they approve is ſweet:
And all is ſenſe, that they repeat.

Bid the warbling nine retire:
Venus, ſtring thy ſervant's lyre:
Love ſhall be my endleſs theme:
Pleaſure ſhall triumph o'er fame:
And when theſe maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine:
May I graſp at empty praiſe;
And loſe the nymph, to gain the bays.

AN ODE.

I.

THE merchant, to ſecure his treaſure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia ſerves to grace my meaſure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

II.

My ſofteſt verſe, my darling lyre
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her deſire,
That I ſhould ſing, that I ſhould play.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raiſe;
But with my numbers mix my ſighs;
And whilſt I ſing Euphelia's praiſe,
I fix my ſoul on Cloe's eyes.

IV.

Fair Cloe bluſh'd: Euphelia frown'd:
I ſung and gaz'd: I play'd and trembl'd:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all diſſembl'd.

ODE

Sur la prise de NAMUR, *par les armes du* ROY, *l'année* 1692.

Par Monsieur BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

QUELLE docte et sainte yvresse
Aujourd'huy me fait la loy?
Chastes nymphes du Permesse,
N'est-ce pas vous que je voy?
Accourez, troupe sçavante:
De sons que ma lyre enfante;
Ces arbres sont réjoüis:
Marquez en bien la cadence:
Et vous, vents, faites silence:
Je vais parler de Louis.

II.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ses aisles,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,
Tu peux suivre mes transports;
Les chesnes de monts de Thrace
N'ont rien oüi, que n'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

III.

Est-ce Apollon et Neptune,
Qui sur ces rocs sourcilleux

AN ENGLISH BALLAD,

On the taking of NAMUR *by the* KING *of* GREAT BRITAIN, 1695.

Dulce eſt deſipere in loco.

I. *and* II.

SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it:
So might not Bacchus give you law?
Was it a muſe, O lofty poet,
Or virgin of St. Cyr, you ſaw?
Why all this fury? what's the matter,
That oaks muſt come from Thrace to dance?
Muſt ſtupid ſtocks be taught to flatter?
And is there no ſuch wood in France?
Why muſt the winds all hold their tongue?
If they a little breath ſhould raiſe;
Would that have ſpoil'd the poet's ſong;
Or puff'd away the monarch's praiſe?

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the ſkies:
While virtue leads the noble way:
Too like a vultur Boileau flies,
Where ſordid int'reſt ſhews the prey.
When once the poet's honour ceaſes,
From reaſon far his tranſports rove:
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban:

Ont, compagnons de fortune,
Basti ces murs orgueilleux?
De leur enceinte fameuse
La Sambre unie a la Meuse,
Defend le fatal abord;
Et par cent bouches horribles
L'airain sur ces monts terribles
Vomit le fer, et la mort.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D'éclair au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs remparts:
Et dans son sein infidele
Par tout la terre y recele
Un feu prest à s'élancer,
Qui soudain perçant son goufre,
Ouvre un sepulchre de soufre,
A quiconque ose avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la Grece eust vingt ans
Sans fruit veu les funerailles
De ses plus fiers combattans.
Quelle effroyable puissance
Aujourd'huy pourtant s'avance,
Preste à foudroyer tes monts?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne?
C'est Jupiter en personne;
Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons.

They armed theſe rocks; then ſhow'd old Jove
Of Marli wood, the wond'rous plan.
Such walls, theſe three wiſe gods agreed,
By human force could ne'er be ſhaken:
But you and I in Homer read
Of gods, as well as men, miſtaken.
Sambre and Maeſe their waves may join;
But ne'er can William's force reſtrain:
He'll paſs them both, who paſs'd the Boyn:
Remember this, and arm the Seine.

IV.

Full fifteen thouſand luſty fellows
With fire and ſword the fort maintain:
Each was a Hercules, you tell us;
Yet out they march'd like common men.
Cannons above, and mines below
Did death and tombs for foes contrive:
Yet matters have been order'd ſo,
That moſt of us are ſtill alive.

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy;
Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks:
Their ſiege did ten long years employ;
We've done our bus'neſs in ten weeks.
What godhead does ſo faſt advance,
With dreadful pow'r thoſe hills to gain?
'Tis little Will, the ſcourge of France;
No godhead but the firſt of men.
His mortal arm exerts the pow'r
To keep ev'n Mons's victor under:
And that ſame Jupiter no more
Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

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VI.

N'en doute point: c'eſt luy meſme.
Tout brille en luy; tout eſt roy.
Dans Bruxelles Naſſau bléme
Commence à trembler pour toy.
En vain il voit le Batâve,
Deſormais docile eſclâve,
Rangé ſous ſes étendars:
En vain au lion Belgique
Il voit l'aigle Germanique
Uni ſous les leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ſes ſens ſont agités,
A ſon ſecours il appelle
Les peuples les plus vantéz,
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Ou s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or, qui roule en ſes eaux;
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
Des marais de la Norvége
Neuf mois couvre les roſeaux.

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre?
Sous les Jumeaux effrayéz,
Des froids Torrens de Decembre
Le champs par tout ſont noyéz,

VI.

Our King thus trembles at Namur,
Whilſt Villeroy who ne'er afraid is,
To Bruxelles marches on ſecure,
To bomb the monks, and ſcare the ladies.
After this glorious expedition,
One battle makes the marſhal great:
He muſt perform the King's commiſſion:
Who knows, but Orange may retreat?
Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to fight:
And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
That William wou'd preſerve that right.

VII.

From Sein and Loyre, to Rhone and Po,
See ev'ry mother's ſon appear:
In ſuch a caſe ne'er blame a foe,
If he betrays ſome little fear.
He comes, the mighty Villeroy comes;
Finds a ſmall river in his way:
So waves his colours, beats his drums;
And thinks it prudent there to ſtay.
The Gallic troops breath blood and war;
The marſhal cares not to march faſter:
Poor Vill'roy moves ſo ſlowly here,
We fancy'd all, it was his maſter.

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain
Diſguiſe the marſhal's plain diſgrace:
No torrents ſwell the low Mehayne?
The world will ſay, he durſt not paſs.
Why will no Hyades appear,
Dear poet, on the banks of Sambre?

Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
De voir en proye à Borée
Ses guerets d'epics chargéz,
Et ſous les urnes fangeuſes
Des Hyades orageuſes
Tous ſes tréſors ſubmergéz.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats;
Ramaſſez tous vos nuages;
Raſſemblez tous vos ſoldats.
Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber ſous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,
Gand la ſuperbe Eſpagnole,
Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,
Ypres, Maſtricht, et Cambray.

X.

Mes préſages s'accompliſſent;
Il commence à chanceler:
Sous les coups qui retentiſſent
Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
Mars en feu qui les domine,
Souffle a grand bruit leur ruine,
Et les bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnere,
Semblent tombant ſur la terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

Juſt as they did that mighty year,
When you turn'd June into December.
The water-*nymphs* are too unkind
To Vill'roy; are the land-*nymphs* ſo?
And fly they all, at once combin'd
To ſhame a general, and a beau?

IX.

Truth, juſtice, ſenſe, religion, fame
May join to finiſh William's ſtory:
Nations ſet free may bleſs his name;
And France in ſecret own his glory.
But Ipres, Maſtricht, and Cambray,
Beſançon, Ghent, St. Omers, Lyſle,
Courtray, and Dole—Ye critics, ſay,
How poor to this was Pindar's ſtile?
With eke's and alſo's tack thy ſtrain,
Great bard; and ſing the deathleſs prince,
Who loſt Namur the ſame campaign,
He bought Dixmude, and plunder'd Deynſe.

X.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out:
I'd tell it you, but for the rattle
Of thoſe confounded drums: no doubt
Yon' bloody rogues intend a battle.
Dear me! a hundred thouſand French
With terror fill the neighb'ring field:
While William carries on the trench,
'Till both the town and caſtle yield.
Vill'roy to Boufflers ſhould advance,
Says Mars, thro' cannons mouths in fire;
Id eſt, one mareſchal of France
Tells t'other, he can come no nigher.

IX.

Accourez, Naſſau, Baviere,
De ces murs l'unique eſpoir :
A couvert d'une riviere
Venez : vous pouvez tout voir.
Conſiderez ces approches :
Voyez grimper ſur ces roches
Ces athletes belliqueux ;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flame,
Louis a tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avecque eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempeſte,
Qui ſort de ces boulevars,
La plume qui ſur ſa teſte
Attire tous les regards.
A cet aſtre redoutable
Toûjours un ſort favorable
S'attache dans les combats :
Et toûjours avec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vole, et le ſuit à grands pas.

XIII.

Grands deffenſeurs de l'Eſpagne,
Montrez-vous : il en eſt temps :
Courage ; vers la Mahagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ſes ondes craintives
N'ont veû ſur leur foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amaſſer.
Courez donc : qui vous retarde ?
Tout l'univers vous regarde.
N'oſez vous la traverſer ?

XI.

Regain the lines the ſhorteſt way,
Vill'roy; or to Verſailles take poſt;
For, having ſeen it, thou canſt ſay
The ſteps by which Namur was loſt.
The ſmoak and flame may vex thy ſight:
Look not once back: but as thou goeſt,
Quicken the ſquadrons in their flight;
And bid the D——l take the ſloweſt.
Think not what reaſon to produce,
From Louis to conceal thy fear:
He'll own the ſtrength of thy excuſe:
Tell him that William was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,
That us'd to ſhine ſo like a ſtar:
The gen'rals could not get together,
Wanting that influence, great in war.
O poet! thou had'ſt been diſcreeter,
Hanging the monarch's hat ſo high;
If thou had'ſt dubb'd thy ſtar, a meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray:
In vain France hopes, the ſickly light
Should ſhine near William's fuller day.
It knows Verſailles, its proper ſtation;
Nor cares for any foreign ſphere:
Where you ſee Boileau's conſtellation,
Be ſure no danger can be near.

XIV.

Loin de fermer le paſſage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ſes pavillons.
Quoy? leur ſeul aſpect vous glace?
Où ſont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
Jadis ſi prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamiſe,
Et de la Drâve ſoûmiſe,
Juſqu'à Paris nous chercher?

XV.

Cependant l'effroy redouble
Sur les remparts de Namur.
Son gouverneur qui ſe trouble
S'enfuit ſous ſon dernier mur.
Déja juſques à ſes portes
Je voy monter nos cohortes,
La flame et le fer en main:
Et ſur les monceaux de piques,
De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

XVI.

C'en eſt fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces rochers éperdus
Battre un ſignal pour ſe rendre:
Le feu ceſſe. ils ſont rendus.
Dépoüillez vôtre arrogance,
Fiers ennemis de la France,
Et deſormais gracieux,
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De Namur pris à vos yeux.

XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force;
And William met them in their way:
Yet off they bruſh'd, both foot and horſe.
What has friend Boileau left to ſay?
When his high muſe is bent upon't,
To ſing her King,—that great commander,
Or on the ſhores of Helleſpont,
Or in the valleys near Scamander;
Wou'd it not ſpoil his noble taſk,
If any fooliſh Phrygian there is,
Impertinent enough to aſk,
How far Namur may be from Paris.

XV.

Two ſtanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire:
Leave 'em behind you, honeſt friend:
And with your country-men retire.
Your ode is ſpoilt; Namur is freed;
For Dixmuyd ſomething yet is due:
So good Count Guiſcard may proceed;
But Boufflers, Sir, one word with you.——

XVI.

'Tis done. In ſight of theſe commanders,
Who neither fight, nor raiſe the ſiege,
The foes of France march ſafe thro' Flanders;
Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege.
Send, *Fame*, this news to Trianon,
That Boufflers may new honours gain:
He the ſame play by land has ſhewn,
As Tourville did upon the main.
Yet is the marſhal made a peer:
O William, may thy arms advance;

That he may loſe Dinant next year,
And ſo be conſtable of France.

Preſented to the KING, *at his arrival in* HOLLAND, *after the* Diſcovery *of the* Conſpiracy 1696.

Serus in cœlum redeas; diuque
Lætus interſis populo Quirini:
Neve te noſtris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura
Tollat——— Hor. ad Auguſtum.

YE careful angels, whom eternal fate
Ordains, on earth and human acts to wait;
Who turn with ſecret pow'r this reſtleſs ball,
And bid predeſtin'd empires riſe and fall:
Your ſacred aid religious monarchs own;
When firſt they merit, then aſcend the throne:
But tyrants dread ye, leſt your juſt decree
Transfer the pow'r, and ſet the people free:
See reſcu'd Britain, at your altars bow:
And hear her hymns your happy care avow:
That ſtill her axes and her rods ſupport
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court:
That law with all her pompous terror ſtands,
To wreſt the dagger from the traytor's hands;
And rigid juſtice reads the fatal word;
Poiſes the ballance firſt, then draws the ſword.
Britain her ſafety to your guidance owns,
That ſhe can ſep'rate parricides from ſons;
That, impious rage diſarm'd, ſhe lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him, who broke her chains.

And thou, great miniſter, above the reſt
Of guardian ſpirits, be thou for ever bleſt:
Thou, who of old wert ſent to Iſrael's court,
With ſecret aid great David's ſtrong ſupport;
To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul,
And ſtrike the uſeleſs jav'lin to the wall.
Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
On Boyn's propitious banks, the heav'nly ſhield;
When pow'r divine did ſov'reign right declare;
And cannons mark'd, whom they were bid to ſpare.

Still, bleſſed angel, be thy care the ſame;
Be William's life untouch'd, as is his fame:
Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand:
Save thou the King, as he has ſav'd the land.

We angels forms in pious monarchs view:
We reverence William; for he acts like you;
Like you, commiſſion'd to chaſtiſe and bleſs,
He muſt avenge the world, and give it peace.

Indulgent fate our potent pray'r receives;
And ſtill Britannia ſmiles, and William lives:
The hero dear to earth, by Heav'n belov'd,
By troubles muſt be vex'd, by dangers prov'd:
His foes muſt aid to make his fame compleat,
And fix his throne ſecure on their defeat.

So, tho' with ſudden rage the tempeſt comes;
Tho' the winds roar; and tho' the water foams;
Imperial Britain on the ſea looks down,
And ſmiling ſees her rebel ſubject frown:
Striking her cliff, the ſtorm confirms her pow'r:
The waves but whiten her triumphant ſhore:
In vain they wou'd advance, in vain retreat:
Broken they daſh, and periſh at her feet.

For William ſtill new wonders ſhall be ſhown:
The pow'rs that reſcu'd, ſhall preſerve the throne.
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful ſea,
Behold, the monarch plows his liquid way:
His fleets in thunder thro' the world declare,
Whoſe empire they obey, whoſe arms they bear.
Bleſs'd by aſpiring winds, he finds the ſtrand
Blacken'd with crouds; he ſees the nations ſtand
Bleſſing his ſafety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great leader's praiſe, by turns they tell,
And liſten, each with emulous glory fir'd,
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd:
How Belgia freed the hero's arm confeſs'd,
But trembl'd for the courage which ſhe bleſt.
O Louis, from this great example know,
To be at once a hero, and a foe:
By ſounding trumpets, hear, and rat'ling drums,
When William to the open vengeance comes:
And ſee the ſoldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremoſt in the fight.
Hence then cloſe ambuſh and perfidious war,
Down to your native ſeats of night repair.
And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride
Reſtrain'd, behind the victor's chariot ty'd
In brazen knots, and everlaſting chains.
(So Europe's peace, ſo William's fate ordains.)
While on the iv'ry chair, in happy ſtate
He ſits, ſecure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency; and views beneath
Averted darts of rage, and pointleſs arms of death.

To CLOE *weeping.*

SEE, whilſt thou weep'ſt, fair Cloe, ſee
The world in ſympathy with thee.
The chearful birds no longer ſing,
Each droops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their boſom lower,
And ſhed their ſorrows in a ſhow'r.
The brooks beyond their limits flow;
And louder murmurs ſpeak their woe.
The nymphs and ſwains adopt thy cares:
They heave thy ſighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantaſtic nymph! that grief ſhould move
Thy heart obdurate againſt love.
Strange tears! whoſe pow'r can ſoften all,
But that dear breaſt on which they fall.

To Mr. HOWARD:

AN ODE.

I.

DEAR Howard, from the ſoft aſſaults of love,
Poets and painters never are ſecure;
Can I untouch'd the fair ones paſſions move?
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its pow'r?

II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought
The darling idol of his captive heart;

And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention ſat,
To have her charms recorded by his art:

III.

The am'rous maſter own'd her potent eyes;
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembl'd as he drew:
Each flowing line confirm'd his firſt ſurpriſe,
And as the piece advanc'd, the paſſion grew.

IV.

While Philip's ſon, while Venus' ſon was near,
What different tortures does his boſom feel?
Great was the rival, and the god ſevere:
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durſt reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity ſaw the ill-conceal'd diſtreſs;
Quitted his title to Campaſpe's charms,
And gave the fair one to the friend's embrace.

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe ſat to thee,
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art:
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames that pierc'd thy predeceſſor's heart.

VII.

Had thy poor breaſt receiv'd an equal pain;
Had I been veſted with the monarch's pow'r;
Thou muſt have ſigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain;
Nor from my bounty hadſt thou found a cure.

VIII.

Tho' to convince thee, that the friend did feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
I would have ſooth'd the flame, I could not heal;
Giv'n thee the world; tho' I with-held the fair.

Love *disarm'd.*

BEneath a myrtle's verdant shade
As Cloe half asleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
And in that heav'n desir'd to rest:
Over her paps his wings he spread:
Between he found a downy bed,
And nestl'd in his little head.

Still lay the god: the nymph surpris'd,
Yet mistress of herself, devis'd,
How she the vagrant might inthral,
And captive him, who captives all.

Her bodice half way she unlac'd,
About his arms she slily cast
The silken bond, and held him fast.

The god awak'd; and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel chain;
And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
Incumber'd in the silken string.

Flutt'ring the god, and weeping said,
Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
And on thy bosom lost his way:
Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there must hope to dwell.
Set an unhappy pris'ner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.

To me pertains not, she replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies;

What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither ſtray:
Yet will I never ſet thee free:
For harm was meant, and harm to me.
Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart:
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.
Agreed: ſecure my virgin heart:
Inſtant give up thy bow and dart:
The chain I'll in return unty;
And freely thou again ſhalt fly.
Thus ſhe the captive did deliver;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.
The god diſarm'd, e'er ſince that day
Paſſes his life in harmleſs play;
Flies round, or ſits upon her breaſt,
A little, flutt'ring, idle gueſt.
E'er ſince that day the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's ſtead;
Directs his arrow as ſhe wills;
Gives grief, or pleaſure; ſpares, or kills.

CLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her neck her comely treſſes ty'd,
Her iv'ry quiver graceful by her ſide,
A-hunting Cloe went: ſhe loſt her way,
And thro' the woods uncertain chanc'd to ſtray.
Apollo paſſing by beheld the maid;
And, ſiſter dear, bright Cynthia turn, he ſaid:

The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the god's mistake;
And, laughing cry'd, learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advis'd, far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak.
But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know:
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow:
Fair Thames she haunts, and ev'ry neighb'ring grove
Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar; or chace the flying deer:
I and my Cloe take a nobler aim:
At human hearts we sling, nor ever miss the game.

Cupid and Ganymede.

IN heav'n, one holy-day, you read
In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew heedless Cupid in, to throw
A main, to pass an hour, or so.
The little Trojan, by the way,
By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.
The god unhappily engag'd,
By nature rash, by play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cry'd, and fretted;
Lost ev'ry earthly thing he betted:
In ready money, all the store
Pick'd up long since from Dame's show'r;
A snush-box, set with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts;

His nine-pins, made of myrtle wood;
(The tree in Ida's foreſt ſtood)
His bowl pure gold, the very ſame
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
Two table-books in ſhagreen covers;
Fill'd with good verſe from real lovers;
Merchandiſe rare! a billet-doux,
Its matter paſſionate, yet true;
Heaps of hair rings, and cypher'd ſeals;
Rich trifles; ſerious bagatelles.
What ſad diſorders play begets!
Deſp'rate and mad, at length he ſets
Thoſe darts, whoſe points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his pow'r:
Thoſe darts, whence all our joy and pain
Ariſe: thoſe darts—come, ſeven's the main,
Cries Ganymede: the uſual trick:
Seven, ſlur a ſix; eleven: a nick.
Ill news goes faſt: 'Twas quickly known,
That ſimple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than light'ning Venus flew:
Too late ſhe found the thing too true.
Gueſs how the goddeſs greets her ſon:
Come hither, ſirrah; no, begon;
And, hark ye, is it ſo indeed?
A comrade you for Ganymede?
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page;
A ſcandal and a ſcourge to Troy:
A prince's ſon? a black-guard boy;
A ſharper that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.

All heav'n is by the ears together,
Since firſt that little rogue came hither:
Juno herſelf has had no peace:
And truly I've been favour'd leſs:
For Jove, as *Fame* reports, (but *Fame*
Says things not fit for me to name)
Has acted ill for ſuch a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.
And thou, unhappy child, ſhe ſaid
(Her anger by her grief allay'd)
Unhappy child, who thus has loſt
All the eſtate we e'er could boaſt;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name deſpis'd, thy weakneſs known?
Nor ſhall thy ſhrine on earth be crown'd:
Nor ſhall thy pow'r in heav'n be own'd;
When thou, nor man, nor god can'ſt wound.
Obedient Cupid kneeling cry'd,
Ceaſe, deareſt mother, ceaſe to chide:
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble:
Yet why this great exceſs of trouble?
The dice were falſe: the darts are gone:
Yet how are you, or I undone?
The loſs of theſe I can ſupply
With keener ſhafts from Cloe's eye:
Fear not, we ne'er can be diſgrac'd,
While that bright magazine ſhall laſt:
Your crouded altars ſtill ſhall ſmoke;
And man your friendly aid invoke:
Jove ſhall again revere your pow'r,
And riſe a ſwan, or fall a ſhow'r.

CUPID *miſtaken.*

I.

AS after noon, one ſummer's day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-ſhooting went that way,
New ſtrung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

II.

With ſkill he choſe his ſharpeſt dart:
With all his might his bow he drew.
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well-guided arrow flew.

III.

I faint! I die! the goddeſs cry'd:
O cruel, could'ſt thou find none other,
To wreck thy ſpleen on? parricide!
Like Nero, thou haſt ſlain thy mother.

IV.

Poor Cupid ſobbing ſcarce could ſpeak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how eaſy my miſtake?
I took you for your likeneſs Cloe.

VENUS *miſtaken.*

WHEN Cloe's picture was to Venus ſhown;
Surpriz'd, the goddeſs took it for her own.
And what, ſaid ſhe, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked ſeen?

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride:
And who's blind now, Mamma? the urchin cry'd.
'Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breaſt:
Friend Howard's genius fancy'd all the reſt.

A SONG.

IF wine and muſic have the pow'r,
To eaſe the ſickneſs of the ſoul;
Let Phoebus ev'ry ſtring explore;
And Bacchus fill the ſprightly bowl,
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Cloe's abſence light;
And ſeek for pleaſure, to deſtroy
The ſorrows of this live-long night.
But ſhe to morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to morrow great;
Thy myrtles ſtrow, thy odours burn;
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in ſtate.
Kind goddeſs, to no other pow'rs
Let us to morrow's bleſſings own:
Thy darling loves ſhall guide the hours;
And all the day be thine alone.

THE DOVE.

——Tantaene animis coelestibus irae? Virg.

I.

IN Virgil's sacred verse we find,
That passion can depress or raise
The heavenly as the human mind:
Who dare deny what Virgil says?

II.

But if they should; what our great master
Has thus laid down, my tale shall prove.
Fair Venus wept the sad disaster
Of having lost her fav'rite Dove.

III.

In complaisance poor Cupid mourn'd;
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain;
He vow'd he'd leave no stone unturn'd,
But she should have her Dove again.

IV.

Tho' none, said he, shall yet be nam'd,
I know the felon well enough:
But be she not, Mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal proof.

V.

With that, his longest dart he took,
As constable would take his staff:
That gods desire like men to look,
Wou'd make ev'n Heraclitus laugh.

VI.

Love's ſubaltern, a dutcous band,
Like watchmen round their chief appear:
Each had his lanthorn in his hand:
And Venus maſk'd brought up the rear.

VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager ſtep
To Cloe's lodging they directed:
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
That Cloe is of theft ſuſpected.)

VIII.

Late they ſet out, had far to go:
St. Dunſtan's as they paſs'd, ſtruck one.
Cloe for reaſons good, you know,
Lives at the ſober end o'th' town.

IX.

With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a viſiting day.
Folks at her houſe at ſuch an hour!
Lord! what will all the neighbours ſay?

X.

The door is open'd: up they run:
Nor prayers, nor threats divert their ſpeed:
Thieves! thieves! cries Suſan; we're undone;
They'll kill my miſtreſs in her bed.

XI.

In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours: for all hiſtorians ſay,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unleſs *Piquet* was in the way.

XII.

She wak'd, be ſure, with ſtrange ſurpriſe.
O Cupid, is this right or law,
Thus to diſturb the brighteſt eyes,
That ever ſlept, or ever ſaw?

XIII.

Have you obſerv'd a ſitting hare,
Liſt'ning, and fearful of the ſtorm
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form?

XIV.

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
Viewing the tow'ring faulcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the brake:
Nor wou'd ſhe ſtay: nor dares ſhe fly.

XV.

Then have you ſeen the beauteous maid;
When gazing on her midnight foes,
She turn'd each way her frighted head,
Then ſunk it deep beneath the cloaths.

XVI.

Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito: for Suſan ſaid,
It ſmelt ſo ſtrong of myrrh and amber——
And Suſan is no lying maid.

XVII.

But ſince we have no preſent need
Of Venus for an epiſtle;
With Cupid let us e'en proceed:
And thus to Cloe ſpoke the god:

XVIII.

Hold up your head: hold up your hand:
Wou'd it were not my lot to ſhew ye
This cruel *Writ*, wherein you ſtand
Indicted by the name of Cloe:

XIX.

For by that ſecret malice ſtirr'd,
Or by an emulous pride invited,
You have purloin'd the fav'rite bird,
In which my mother moſt delighted.

XX.

Her bluſhing face the lovely maid
Rais'd juſt above the milk-white ſheet.
A roſe-tree in a lilly bed,
Nor glows ſo red, nor breathes ſo ſweet.

XXI.

Are you not he whom virgins fear,
And widows court? is not your name
Cupid? if ſo, pray come not near——
Fair maiden, I'm the very ſame.

XXII.

Then what have I, good Sir, to ſay,
Or do with her, you call your mother?
If I ſhould meet her in my way,
We hardly court'ſy to each other.

XXIII.

Diana chaſte, and Hebe ſweet,
Witneſs that what I ſpeak is true:
I wou'd not give my paroquet
For all the *Doves* that ever flew.

XXIV.

Yet, to compose this midnight noise,
Go freely search where-e'er you please:
(The rage that rais'd, adorn her voice)
Upon yon' toilet lie my keys.

XXV.

Her keys he takes; her doors unlocks:
Thro' wardrobe, and thro' closet bounces;
Peeps into ev'ry chest and box;
Turns all her furbeloes and flounces.

XXVI.

But *Dove*, depend on't, finds he none;
So to the bed returns again:
And now the maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with disdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, she smiling said,
Your poultry cannot yet be found:
Lies he in yonder slipper dead,
Or may be, in the tea-pot drown'd?

XXVIII.

No, traytor, angry Love replies,
He's hid somewhere about your breast;
A place, nor god, nor man denies,
For Venus' *Dove* the proper nest.

XXIX.

Search then, she said, put in your hand,
And Cynthia, dear protectress, guard me:
As guilty I, or free may stand,
Do thou, or punish, or reward me.

XXX.

But ah! what maid to love can truſt?
He ſcorns, and breaks all legal power:
Into her breaſt his hand he thruſt;
And in a moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do thoſe fingers rove,
Cries Cloe, treacherous urchin, whither?
O Venus! I ſhall find thy *Dove*,
Says he; for ſure I touch his feather.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

AS Cloe came into the room t'other day,
I peeviſh began; where ſo long cou'd you ſtay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour:
You promis'd at two; and (pray look child) 'tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels:
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and ſeals.
A temper ſo heedleſs no mortal can bear——
Thus far I went on with a reſolute air.
Lord bleſs me, ſaid ſhe; let a body but ſpeak:
Here's an ugly hard roſe-bud fall'n into my neck:
It has hurt me, and vext me to ſuch a degree——
See here; for you never believe me; pray ſee,
On the left ſide my breaſt what a mark it has made,
So ſaying, her boſom ſhe careleſs diſplay'd.
That ſeat of delight I with wonder ſurvey'd;
And forgot ev'ry word I deſign'd to have ſaid.

MERCURY AND CUPID.

IN ſullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His ſtore of darts, his total quiver;
That Hermes ſhou'd the weapons break,
Or throw 'em into Lethe's lake.
Hermes, you know, muſt do his errand:
He found his man, produc'd his warrant:
Cupid, your darts—this very hour—
There's no contending againſt power.
How ſullen Jupiter, juſt now
I think I ſaid: and you'll allow,
That Cupid was as bad as he:
Hear but the youngſter's repartee.
Come kinſman (ſaid the little god)
Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder bower;
And reſt yourſelf for half an hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to heav'n:
And you fly faſt: and 'tis but ſeven.
We'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
And drink to this celeſtial Hector——
He break my darts, or hurt my pow'r!
He, Leda's ſwan, and Danae's ſhow'r!
Go, bid him his wife's tongue reſtrain;
And mind his thunder, and his rain.——
My darts? O certainly I'll give 'em:
From Cloe's eyes he ſhall receive 'em:

There's one, the beſt in all my quiver,
Twang! thro' his very heart and liver.
He then ſhall pine, and ſigh, and rave:
Good Lord! what buſtle ſhall we have!
Neptune muſt ſtraight be ſent to ſea;
And Flora ſummon'd twice a-day:
One muſt find ſhells, and t'other flow'rs,
For cooling grotts, and fragrant bow'rs,
That Cloe may be ſerv'd in ſtate:
The *hours* muſt at her toilet wait:
Whilſt all the reaſoning fools below,
Wonder their watches go too ſlow.
Lybs muſt fly ſouth, and Eurus eaſt,
For jewels for her hair and breaſt:
No matter tho' their cruel haſte
Sink cities, and lay foreſts waſte.
No matter tho' this fleet be loſt;
Or that lie wind-bound on the coaſt.
What whiſp'ring in my mother's ear!
What care, that Juno ſhou'd not hear!
What work among you ſcholar gods!
Phoebus muſt write him am'rous odes:
And thou, poor couſin, muſt compoſe
His letters in ſubmiſſive proſe:
Whilſt haughty Cloe, to ſuſtain
The honour of my myſtic reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows diſdain;
And laugh at your old bully's pain.
Dear couz, ſaid Hermes in a fright,
For heav'n ſake keep your darts: good night.

On Beauty. A Riddle.

RESOLVE me, Cloe, what is *this*:
Or forfeit me one precious kiss.
'Tis the first off-spring of the Graces:
Bears diff'rent forms in diff'rent places;
Acknowledg'd fine, where-e'er beheld;
Yet fancy'd finer, when conceal'd.
'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm;
Pandora's box of good and harm:
'Twas Mars' wish, Endymion's dream;
Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme.
This guided Theseus thro' the maze;
And sent him home with life and praise.
But *this* undid the Phrygian boy;
And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.
This shew'd great kindness to old Greece,
And help'd rich Jason to the fleece.
This thro' the east just vengeance hurl'd,
And lost poor Anthony the world.
Injur'd, tho' Lucrece found her doom;
This banish'd tyranny from Rome.
Appeas'd, tho' Lais gain'd her hire;
This set Persepolis on fire.
For *this*, Alcides learn'd to spin;
His club laid down, and lion's skin.
For *this*, Apollo deign'd to keep,
With servile care, a mortal's sheep.
For *this* the father of the gods,
Content to leave his high abodes,

In borrow'd figures loosely ran,
Europa's bull, and Leda's swan.
For *this* he reassumes the nod,
(While Semele commands the god)
Launces the bolt, and shakes the poles;
Tho' Momus laughs, and Juno scolds.
Here list'ning Cloe smil'd and said;
Your riddle is not hard to read:
I guess it——Fair one, if you do;
Need I, alas! the theme pursue?
For *this* thou see'st, for *this* I leave,
Whate'er the world thinks wise or grave,
Ambition, business, friendship, news,
My useful books, and serious muse.
For *this* I willingly decline
The mirth of feasts, and joys of wine;
And chuse to sit and talk with thee,
(As thy great orders may decree)
Of cocks and bulls, of flutes and fiddles,
Of idle tales, and foolish riddles.

The Question, to Lisetta.

WHAT nymph shou'd I admire, or trust,
But Cloe beauteous, Cloe just?
What nymph shou'd I desire to see,
But her who leaves the plain for me?
To whom shou'd I compose the lay,
But her who listens when I play?
To whom in song repeat my cares,
But her who in my sorrow shares?

For whom ſhould I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boaſts ſhe wears it for my ſake?
In love am I not fully bleſt?
Liſetta, pr'ythee tell the reſt.

Lisetta's Reply.

SURE Cloe juſt, and Cloe fair
Deſerves to be your only care:
But when you and ſhe to day
Far into the wood did ſtray,
And I happen'd to paſs by;
Which way did you caſt your eye?
But when your cares to her you ſing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they ſpring;
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in thoſe cares ſhe bears a part?
When you the flow'rs for Cloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meaneſt bud that falls from mine?
Simpleſt of ſwains! the world may ſee,
Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

The Garland.

I.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I choſe
The violet ſweet, and lilly fair,
The dappl'd pink, and bluſhing roſe,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchſaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flow'rs leſs blooming than her face,
The ſcent leſs fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flow'rs ſhe wore along the day:
And ev'ry nymph and ſhepherd ſaid,
That in her hair they look'd more gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undreſt at evening, when ſhe found
Their odours loſt, their colours paſt;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye ſhe caſt.

V.

That eye dropt ſenſe diſtinct and clear,
As any *Muſe's* tongue cou'd ſpeak;
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Diſſembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, ſaid I, explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell:
That falling tear—what does it mean?

VII.

She ſigh'd; ſhe ſmil'd: and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moraliſt ſaid:
See, friend, in ſome few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one:
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The am'rous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shrowd.

X.

Such as she is, who dy'd to day;
Such I, alas! may be to morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

The LADY *who offers her looking-glass to*
VENUS.

VENUS, take my votive glass;
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

CLOE JEALOUS.

I.

FORBEAR to ask me, why I weep;
Vext Cloe to her shepherd said:
'Tis for my two poor straggling sheep
Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what you late have writ?
Your ſubtile queſtions, and replies;
Emblems, to teach a female wit
The ways, where changing Cupid flies.

III.

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearſe
The general pow'r that beauty has:
But why did no peculiar verſe
Deſcribe one charm of Cloe's face?

IV.

The glaſs, which was at Venus' ſhrine,
With ſuch myſterious ſorrow laid:
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which ſhow'd how youth and beauty fade.

V.

Ten thouſand trifles light as theſe
Nor can my rage, nor anger move:
She ſhou'd be humble, who wou'd pleaſe:
And ſhe muſt ſuffer, who can love.

VI.

When in my glaſs I chanc'd to look;
Of Venus what did I implore?
That ev'ry grace which thence I took,
Shou'd know to charm my Damon more.

VII.

Reading thy verſe; who heeds, ſaid I,
If here or there his glances flew?
O free for ever be his eye,
Whoſe heart to me is always true.

VIII.

My bloom indeed, my little flow'r
Of beauty quickly loſt its pride;
For ſever'd from its native bow'r,
It on thy glowing boſom dy'd.

IX.

Yet car'd I not, what might preſage
Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth:
Love I eſteem'd more ſtrong than age,
And time leſs permanent than truth.

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know:
Fall uncontroul'd my tears, and free;
O Damon, 'tis the only woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

XI.

The ſecret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my hearſe:
But on my tomb-ſtone thou ſhalt read,
My anſwer to thy dubious verſe.

Anſwer to CLOE *jealous, in the ſame ſtile.*

The Author *ſick.*

I.

YES, faireſt proof of beauty's pow'r,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour:
And I have liv'd; and we muſt part.

II.

While now I take my laſt adieu,
Heave thou no ſigh, nor ſhed a tear;
Leſt yet my half-cloſ'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

III.

From jealouſy's tormenting ſtrife
For ever be thy boſom freed:
That nothing may diſturb thy life,
Content I haſten to the dead.

IV.

Yet when ſome better-fated youth
Shall with his am'rous parly move thee;
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who dying thus, perſiſts to love thee.

A Better Answer.

I.

DEAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face?
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falſtaff ſays)
Let us e'en talk a little like folks of this world.

II.

How can'ſt thou preſume, thou haſt leave to deſtroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Thoſe looks were deſign'd to inſpire love and joy:
More ord'nary eyes may ſerve people for weeping.

III.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my paſſion you wrong:

You take that for fact, which will ſcarce be found wit:
Od's life! muſt one ſwear to the truth of a ſong?

IV.

What I ſpeak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, ſhows
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verſe; but I love thee in proſe:
And they have my whimſies, but thou haſt my heart.

V.

The god of us verſe-men (you know child) the *Sun*,
How after his journeys he ſets up his reſt:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run:
At night he reclines on his Thetis's breaſt.

VI.

So when I am weary'd with wand'ring all day;
To thee my delight in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I ſaw in my way:
They were but my viſits, but thou art my home.

VII.

Then finiſh, dear Cloe, this paſtoral war;
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet ſublimer than me.

PALLAS AND VENUS.
AN EPIGRAM.

THE Trojan ſwain had judg'd the great diſpute
And beauty's pow'r obtain'd the golden fruit;
When Venus, looſe in all her naked charms,
Met Jove's great daughter clad in ſhining arms.
The wanton goddeſs view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly ſhe ſaid:

Yield, ſiſter; rival, yield: naked, you ſee,
I vanquiſh: gueſs how potent I ſhould be;
If to the field I came in armour dreſt;
Dreadful, like thine, my ſhield, and terrible my creſt.
The warrior goddeſs with diſdain reply'd;
Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
Let a brave enemy for once adviſe,
And Venus (if 'tis poſſible) be wiſe.
Thou to be ſtrong muſt put off every dreſs:
Thy only armour is thy nakedneſs:
And more than once, (or thou art much bely'd)
By Mars himſelf that armour has been try'd.

To a young GENTLEMAN *in* LOVE.

A TALE.

FROM public noiſe and factious ſtrife;
From all the buſy ills of life,
Take me, my Celia, to thy breaſt;
And lull my wearied ſoul to reſt:
For ever, in this humble cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter elſe, but *Love*——and he
Shall bar the door, and keep the key.
To painted roofs, and ſhining ſpires
(Uneaſy ſeats of high deſires)
Let the unthinking many croud,
That dare be covetous and proud:
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happineſs for ſtate:

But oh! my Celia, when thy ſwain
Deſires to ſee a court again;
May Heav'n around this deſtin'd head
The choiceſt of its curſes ſhed:
To ſum up all the rage of fate,
In the two things I dread and hate;
May'ſt thou be falſe, and I be great.

Thus, on his Celia's panting breaſt,
Fond Celadon his ſoul expreſt;
While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows, ſhe thus repaid:

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Bleſt miracle of love and truth!
All that cou'd e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long ſince are thine:
A real joy I never knew;
'Till I believ'd thy paſſion true:
A real grief I ne'er can find;
'Till thou prov'ſt perjur'd or unkind.
Contempt, and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Bleſt with thy preſence, I can bear.
Thro' waters, and thro' flames I'll go,
Suff'rer and ſolace of thy woe:
Trace me ſome yet unheard-of way,
That I thy ardour may repay:
And make my conſtant paſſion known,
By more than woman yet has done.
Had I a wiſh that did not bear
The ſtamp and image of my dear;
I'd pierce my heart thro' ev'ry vein,
And die to let it out again.

No: Venus ſhall my witneſs be,
(If Venus ever lov'd like me)
That for one hour I wou'd not quit
My ſhepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the Perſian monarch's bride,
Part'ner of all his pow'r and pride;
Or rule in regal ſtate above,
Mother of gods, and wife of Jove.
O happy theſe of human race!
But ſoon, alas! our pleaſures paſs.
He thank'd her on his bended knee;
Then drank a quart of milk and tea;
And leaving her ador'd embrace,
Haſten'd to court to beg a place.
While ſhe, his abſence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,
Call'd Thyrſis from beneath the bed;
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

WHILE men have theſe ambitious fancies;
And wanton wenches read romances;
Our ſex will——what? out with it. Lye;
And theirs in equal ſtrains reply.
The moral of the tale I ſing
(A poſy for a wedding ring)
In this ſhort verſe will be confin'd:
Love is a jeſt, and vows are wind.

An English Paplce.

MISS Danae, when fair and young
(As Horace has divinely ſung)
Cou'd not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of ſteel, and walls of braſs.
The reaſon of the thing is clear;
Wou'd Jove the naked truth aver:
Cupid was with him of the party;
And ſhew'd himſelf ſincere and hearty:
For, give that whipſter but his errand;
He takes my lord chief juſtice' warrant:
Dauntleſs as death away he walks;
Breaks the doors open; ſnaps the locks;
Searches the parlour, chamber, ſtudy;
Nor ſtops 'till he has Culprit's body.
Since this has been authentic truth,
By age deliver'd down to youth;
Tell us, miſtaken huſband, tell us,
Why ſo myſterious, why ſo jealous?
Does the reſtraint, the bolt, the bar
Make us leſs curious, her leſs fair?
The ſpy, which does this treaſure keep,
Does ſhe ne'er ſay her prayers, nor ſleep?
Does ſhe to no exceſs incline?
Does ſhe fly muſic, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flatt'ry pow'r,
To purchaſe one unguarded hour?
Your care does further yet extend:
That ſpy is guarded by your friend.——

But has this friend nor eye, nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, ſoon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair priſ'ner cauſe to ſee,
How much he wiſhes, ſhe were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendſhip too ſevere,
Which chain him to a hated truſt;
Which make him wretched, to be juſt?
And may not ſhe, this darling ſhe,
Youthful and healthy, fleſh and blood,
Eaſie with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?
Sir, will your queſtions never end?
I truſt to neither ſpy nor friend.
In ſhort, I keep her from the ſight
Of ev'ry human face.—She'll write.
From pen and paper ſhe's debar'd.——
Has ſhe a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind.——She will you ſay:
But how ſhall ſhe that mind convey?
I keep her in one room: I lock it:
The key (look here) is in this pocket.
The key-hole, is that left? Moſt certain.
She'll thruſt her letter thro'——Sir Martin.
Dear angry friend, what muſt be done?
Is there no way?——There is but one.
Send her abroad; and let her ſee,
That all this mingled maſs, which ſhe
Being forbidden longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty ſhow,
Powder, and pocket-glaſs, and beau;

A ſtaple of romance and lies,
False tears, and real perjuries:
Where ſighs and looks are bought and ſold;
And love is made but to be told:
Where the fat bawd, and laviſh heir
The ſpoils of ruin'd beauty ſhare:
And youth ſeduc'd from friends and fame,
Muſt give up age to want and ſhame.
Let her behold the frantic ſcene,
The women wretched, falſe the men:
And when, theſe certain ills to ſhun,
She would to thy embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms:
Seem more delighted with her charms:
Wait on her to the park and play:
Put on good humour; make her gay:
Be to her virtues very kind:
Be to her faults a little blind:
Let all her ways be unconfin'd:
And clap your *Padlock*——on her mind.

HANS CARVEL.

HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
Married a laſs of London mould:
Handſome? enough; extremely gay:
Lov'd muſic, company, and play:
High flights ſhe had, and wit at will:
And ſo her tongue lay ſeldom ſtill:
For in all viſits who but ſhe,
To argue, or to repartee?

She made it plain, that human paſſion
Was order'd by predeſtination;
That if weak women went aſtray,
Their ſtars were more in fault than they:
Whole tragedies ſhe had by heart;
Enter'd into Roxana's part:
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!
O that dear conqu'ror of the world!
She pity'd Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage.
She, firſt of all the town, was told,
Where neweſt India things were ſold:
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slipt ſometimes out to Mrs. Thody's;
To cheapen tea, to buy a ſcreen:
What elſe cou'd ſo much virtue mean?
For to prevent the leaſt reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.
But when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care;
She without fail was wak'd at ten;
Drank chocolate, then ſlept again:
At twelve ſhe roſe; with much ado
Her cloaths were huddl'd on by two;
Then, does my lady dine at home?
Yes ſure; ——but is the colonel come?
Next, how to ſpend the afternoon,
And not come home again too ſoon;
The Change, the city, or the play,
As each was proper for the day;

A turn in ſummer to Hyde-park,
When it grew tolerably dark.
Wife's pleaſure cauſes huſband's pain:
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform; but durſt not blame.
At firſt he therefore preach'd his wife
The comforts of a pious life:
Told her, how tranſient beauty was;
That all muſt die, and fleſh was graſs:
He bought her ſermons, pſalms and graces;
And doubl'd down the uſeful places.
But ſtill the weight of worldly care
Allow'd her little time for pray'r:
And Cleopatra was read o'er,
While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's ſelf,
Stood unmoleſted on the ſhelf.
An untouch'd bible grac'd her toilet:
No fear that thumb of her's ſhou'd ſpoil it.
In ſhort, the trade was ſtill the ſame:
The dame went out; the colonel came.
What's to be done? poor Carvel cry'd:
Another batt'ry muſt be try'd:
What if to ſpells I had recourſe?
'Tis but to hinder ſomething worſe.
The end muſt juſtify the means:
He only ſins who ill intends:
Since therefore 'tis to combat evil;
'Tis lawful to employ the devil.
Forthwith the devil did appear
(For name him and he's always near)

Not in the ſhape in which he plies
At Miſs's elbow when ſhe lies;
Or ſtands before the nurſ'ry doors,
To take the naughty boy that roars:
But without ſawcer eye or claw,
Like a grave barriſter at law.
Hans Carvel, lay aſide your grief,
The devil ſays; I bring relief.
Relief, ſays Hans: pray let me crave
Your name, Sir,—Satan.—Sir, your ſlave;
I did not look upon your feet:
You'll pardon me:——Ay now I ſee't:
And pray, Sir, when came you from hell?
Our friends there, did you leave them well?
All well: but pr'ythee, honeſt Hans,
(Says Satan) leave your complaiſance:
The truth is this: I cannot ſtay
Flaring in ſun-ſhine all the day:
For, *entre nous*, we helliſh ſprites,
Love more the freſco of the nights;
And oft'ner our receipts convey
In dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a friend,
Ere morning dawns, your fears ſhall end:
Go then this evening, Maſter Carvel,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;
Let friends and wine diſſolve your care;
Whilſt I the great receipt prepare:——
To night I'll bring it, by my faith;
Believe for once what Satan ſaith.
Away went Hans: glad? not a little;
Obey'd the devil to a title;

Invited friends some half a dozen,
The colonel, and my lady's cousin.
The meat was serv'd; the bowls were crown'd;
Catches were sung; and healths went round:
Barbadoes waters for the close:
'Till Hans had fairly got his dose:
The colonel toasted to the best:
The dame mov'd off, to be undrest:
The chimes went twelve: the guests withdrew:
But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow chair;
From thence was carry'd off to bed:
John held his heels, and Nan his head.
My lady was disturb'd: new sorrow!
Which Hans must answer for to morrow.
In bed then view this happy pair;
And think how Hymen triumph'd there.
Hans, fast asleep, as soon as laid;
The duty of the night unpaid:
The waking dame, with thoughts oppress,
That made her hate both him and rest:
By such a husband, such a wife!
'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life:
The lady sigh'd: the lover snor'd:
The punctual devil kept his word:
Appear'd to honest Hans again;
But not at all by Madam seen:
And giving him a magic ring,
Fit for the finger of a king;
Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,
And wear it long for Satan's sake:

'Twill do your buſineſs to a hair:
For long as you this ring ſhall wear,
As ſure as I look over Lincoln,
That ne'er ſhall happen which you think on:
Hans took the ring with joy extream;
(All this was only in a dream)
And thruſting it beyond his joint,
'Tis done, he cry'd: I've gain'd my point.——
What point, ſaid ſhe, you ugly beaſt?
You neither give me joy nor reſt:
'Tis done.——What's done, you drunken bear?
You've thruſt your finger G——d knows where.

A Dutch Proverb.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin;
Says wiſe profeſſor Vander Brüin.
By flames a houſe I hir'd was loſt
Laſt year: and I muſt pay the coſt.
This ſpring the rains o'erflow'd my ground:
And my beſt Flanders mare was drown'd.
A ſlave I am to Clara's eyes:
The gipſey knows her pow'r, and flies.
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin:
And great thy wiſdom, Vander Brüin.

PAULO PURGANTI *and his* WIFE: *an honest, but a simple pair.*

Est enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute, quod deceat: quod cogitatione magis à virtute potest quàm re separari.

Cic. de Off. L. 1.

BEYOND the fix'd and settl'd rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
The better sort should set before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum;
Something, that gives their acts a light;
Makes 'em not only just, but bright;
And sets 'em in that open fame,
Which witty malice cannot blame.
For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting:
Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face:
May justly own the picture wrought
Exact to rule, exempt from fault:
Yet if the colouring be not there,
The Titian stroke, the Guido air;
To nicest judgment show the piece;
At best 'twill only not displease:
It would not gain on Jersey's eye:
Bradford would frown, and set it by.
Thus in the picture of our mind
The action may be well design'd;

Guided by law, and bound by duty;
Yet want this *Je ne ſçay quoy* of beauty;
And tho' its error may be ſuch,
As Knags and Burgeſs cannot hit;
It yet may feel the nicer touch
Of Wicherley's or Congreve's wit.
What is this talk? replies a friend,
And where will this dry moral end?
The truth of what you here lay down
By ſome example ſhou'd be ſhown.——
With all my heart,—for once; read on.
An honeſt, but a ſimple pair
(And twenty other I forbear)
May ſerve to make this *Theſis* clear.
A doctor of great ſkill and fame,
Paulo Purganti was his name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous wife:
No woman led a better life:
She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted:
She chuckl'd when a bawd was carted;
And thought the nation ne'er wou'd thrive,
'Till all the whores were burnt alive.
On marry'd men, that dar'd be bad,
She thought no mercy ſhould be had;
They ſhould be hang'd, or ſtarv'd, or flead,
Or ſerv'd like Romiſh prieſts in Swede.——
In ſhort, all lewdneſs ſhe defy'd:
And ſtiff was her parochial pride.
Yet in an honeſt way, the dame
Was a great lover of that ſame;
And could from ſcripture take her cue,
That huſbands ſhould give wives their due.

Her prudence did ſo juſtly ſteer
Between the gay and the ſevere,
That if in ſome regards ſhe choſe
To curb poor Paulo in too cloſe;
In others ſhe relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looſer rein.

Thus tho' ſhe ſtrictly did confine
The doctor from exceſs of wine:
With oyſters, eggs and vermicelli
She let him almoſt burſt his belly:
Thus drying coffee was deny'd;—
But chocolate that loſs ſupply'd:
And for tobacco (who could bear it?)
Filthy concomitant of claret!
(Bleſt revolution!) one might ſee
Eringo roots, and bohea tea.
She often ſet the doctor's band,
And ſtroak'd his beard, and ſqueez'd his hand:
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too ſoon;
She held it wholſomer by much,
To reſt a little on the couch:——
About his waſte in bed a-nights
She clung ſo cloſe——for fear of ſprites.

The doctor underſtood the call;
But had not always wherewithal.

The lion's ſkin too ſhort, you know,
(As Plutarch's morals finely ſhow)
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail:
And art ſupplies, where ſtrength may fail.

Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy, he could not beat;

He ſtrove to lengthen the campaign,
And ſave his forces by chicane.
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shows us, that all that warrior can do,
With force inferior, is *cunctando*.

One day then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear;
Our don, who knew this tittle tattle
Did, ſure as trumpet, call to battle;
Thought it extremely *à propos*,
To ward againſt the coming blow:
To ward: but how? ay, there's the queſtion;
Fierce the aſſault, unarm'd the baſtion.

The doctor feign'd a ſtrange ſurpriſe:
He felt her pulſe; he view'd her eyes;
That beat too faſt: theſe rowl'd too quick:
She was, he ſaid, or would be ſick:
He judg'd it abſolutely good,
That ſhe ſhould purge and cleanſe her blood.
Spaw waters for that end were got:
If they paſt eaſily or not,
What matters it? the lady's fever
Continu'd violent as ever.

For a diſtemper of this kind,
(Blackmore and Hans are of my mind,)
If once it youthful blood infects,
And chiefly of the female ſex;
Is ſcarce remov'd by pill or potion;
Whate'er might be our doctor's notion.

One luckleſs night then, as in bed
The doctor and the dame were laid;

Again this cruel fever came,
High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
What measures shall poor Paulo keep
With madam in this piteous taking?
She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep,
And won't allow him rest, tho' waking.
Sad state of matters! when we dare
Nor ask for peace, nor offer war;
Nor Livy nor Comines have shown,
What in this juncture may be done.
Grotius might own, that Paulo's case is
Harder, than any which he places
Amongst his Belli and his Pacis.
He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of logic to maintain,
That all the sex was born to grieve,
Down to her ladyship from Eve.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience;
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and moralists; and run ye on
Quite thro' from Seneca to Bunyan.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to close her eye;
Telling her, rest would do her good;
If any thing in nature cou'd:
So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,
Masters and princes of the calling:
So all our modern friends maintain
(Tho' no great Greeks) in Warwick-lane.
Reduce, my muse, the wand'ring song:
A tale should never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,
And sigh'd, and toss'd, and groan'd, and turn'd;
At last, I wish, said she, my dear——
(And whisper'd something in his ear.)
You wish! wish on, the doctor cries:
Lord! when will womankind be wise?
What, in your waters? are you mad?
Why poison is not half so bad.
I'll do it—But I give you warning:
You'll die before to-morrow morning.——
'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise;
The lady with a sigh replies:
But life you know, at best is pain:
And death is what we should disdain,
So do it therefore, and adieu:
For I will die for love of you.——
Let wanton wives by death be fear'd:
But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

THE LADLE.

THE Sceptics think, 'twas long ago,
Since gods came down *incognito*:
To see who were their friends or foes,
And how our actions fell or rose:
That since they gave things their beginning;
And set this whirligig a spinning;
Supine they in their heav'n remain,
Exempt from passion, and from pain:
And frankly leave us human elves,
To cut and shuffle for ourselves;

To ſtand or walk, to riſe or tumble,
As matter, and as motion jumble.
The poets now, and painters hold
This Theſis both abſurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd gods, they ſay,
Deſcend ſome twice or thrice a-day:
Elſe all theſe things we toil ſo hard in,
Would not avail one ſingle farthing:
For when the hero we rehearſe,
To grace his actions and our verſe;
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Latium he is brought;
Iris deſcends by fate's commands,
To guide his ſteps thro' foreign lands:
And Amphitrite clears his way
From rocks and quick-ſands in the ſea.
And if you ſee him in a ſketch;
(Tho' drawn by Paulo or Carache)
He ſhows not half his force and ſtrength,
Strutting in armour, and at length:
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece muſt yet be four yards bigger:
The *Nymphs* conduct him to the field:
One holds his ſword, and one his ſhield:
Mars ſtanding by aſſerts his quarrel:
And *Fame* flies after with a lawrel.
Theſe points, I ſay, of ſpeculation
(As 'twere to ſave or ſink the nation)
Men idly learned will diſpute,
Aſſert, object, confirm, refute:
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms ſuſtains the fight;

'Till now no umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off, and ſing *Te Deum.*

Is it in *equilibrio,*
If deities deſcend or no?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requiſite to form my tale:
For by all parties 'tis confeſt,
That thoſe opinions are the beſt,
Which in their nature moſt conduce
To preſent ends, and private uſe.

Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the t'other Jove:
The humour was (it ſeems) to know,
If all the favours they beſtow,
Could from our own perverſeneſs eaſe us;
And if our wiſh enjoy'd would pleaſe us.

Diſcourſing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godſhips came;
'Till well nigh tir'd at almoſt night,
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in diſguiſe a god or goddeſs
Exerts no ſupernat'ral powers;
But acts on maxims much like ours.

They ſpy'd at laſt a country farm,
Where all was ſnug, and clean, and warm;
For woods before, and hills behind
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the fields were lowing:
Good grain was ſow'd: good fruit was growing:
Of laſt year's corn in barns great ſtore;
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door:

And wealth (in ſhort) with peace conſented,
That people here ſhould live contented:
But did they in effect do ſo?
Have patience, friend, and thou ſhalt know.
The honeſt farmer and his wife,
Two years declin'd from prime of life,
Had ſtruggled with the marriage nooſe;
As almoſt ev'ry couple does:
Sometimes, my plague! ſometimes, my darling!
Kiſſing to day, to morrow ſnarling;
Jointly ſubmitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure,
Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd:
Our farmer met 'em in the yard;
Thought they were folks that loſt their way:
And aſk'd them civilly to ſtay:
Told 'em, for ſupper, or for bed
They might go on, and be worſe ſped.——
So ſaid, ſo done: the gods conſent:
All three into the parlour went:
They compliment: they ſit; they chat;
Fight o'er the wars; reform the ſtate:
A thouſand knotty points they clear,
Till ſupper and my wife appear.
Jove made his leg, and kiſs'd the dame:
Obſequious Hermes did the ſame.
Jove kiſs'd the farmer's wife, you ſay.
He did—but in an honeſt way:
Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiſs'd Amphitryon's wife.—
Well then, things handſomely were ſerv'd:
My miſtreſs for the ſtrangers carv'd,

How ſtrong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In epic ſumptuous wou'd appear;
Yet ſhall be paſs'd in ſilence here:
For I ſhould grieve to have it ſaid,
That by a fine deſcription led,
I made my epiſode too long,
Or tir'd my friend to grace my ſong.
The grace-cup ſerv'd, the cloath away,
Jove thought it time to ſhow his play:
Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,
Folly and jeſting laid aſide,
That ye thus hoſpitably live,
And ſtrangers with good chear receive,
Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en gods themſelves your debtors.
To give this *Theſis* plainer proof,
You have to night beneath your roof
A pair of gods: (nay never wonder)
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius.
My page, my ſon indeed, but ſpurious.
Form then three wiſhes, you and madam:
And ſure, as you already had 'em,
The things deſir'd in half an hour
Shall all be here, and in your pow'r.
Thank ye, great gods, the woman ſays:
Oh! may your altars ever blaze.
A ladle for our ſilver diſh
Is what I want, is what I wiſh.——
A ladle! cries the man, a ladle!
'Odzooks, Corſica, you have pray'd ill:

What ſhould be great, you turn to farce:
I wiſh the ladle in your a——.

With equal grief and ſhame my muſe
The ſequel of the tale purſues:
The ladle fell into the room,
And ſtuck in old Corſica's bum.
Our couple weep two wiſhes paſt,
And kindly join to form the laſt.
To eaſe the woman's aukward pain,
And get the ladle out again.

MORAL.

THIS commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:
His head achs for a coronet:
And who is bleſs'd that is not great?

Some ſenſe, and more eſtate, kind heav'n
To this well-lotted peer has giv'n:
What then? he muſt have rule and ſway:
And all is wrong, 'till he's in play.

The miſer muſt make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded ſum;
The ſickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his laſt dregs of life.

Againſt our peace we arm our will:
Amidſt our plenty, ſomething ſtill
For horſes, houſes, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel *ſomething* unpoſſeſs'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the reſt.

That *something*, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain:
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a *wish*, and all a *ladle*.

Written at PARIS, 1700. *In the beginning of* ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

OF all that William rules, or Robe
Describes, great Rhea, of thy globe;
When or on post-horse, or in chaise,
With much expence, and little ease,
My destin'd miles I shall have gone,
By Thames or Maese, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own;
Great mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, house, and stable;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to desire, or want;
And as health fails, and years increase,
Sit down, and think, and die in peace.
Oblige thy fav'rite undertakers
To throw me in but twenty acres:
This number sure they may allow:
For pasture ten, and ten for plow:
'Tis all that I would wish, or hope,
For me and John, and Nell, and *Crop*.
Then, as thou wilt, dispose the rest
(And let not fortune spoil the jest)
To those, who at the market-rate
Can barter honour for estate.

Now if thou grant'ſt me my requeſt,
To make thy vot'ry truly bleſt,
Let curſt revenge, and fancy pride
To ſome bleak rock far off be ty'd;
Nor e'er approach my rural ſeat,
To tempt me to be baſe and great.
And, *Goddeſs*, this kind office done,
Charge Venus to command her ſon,
(Where-ever elſe ſhe lets him rove)
To ſhun my houſe, and field, and grove:
Peace cannot dwell with hate or love.
Hear, gracious Rhea, what I ſay:
And thy petitioner ſhall pray.

Written in the beginning of MEZERAY's *hiſtory of* FRANCE.

I.

WHATE'ER thy countrymen have done
By law and wit, by ſword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited:
And all the living world that view
Thy work, give thee the praiſes due,
At once inſtructed and delighted.

II.

Yet for the fame of all theſe deeds,
What beggar in the *Invalides*,
With lameneſs broke, with blindneſs ſmitten,
Wiſh'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written?

III.

It ſtrange, dear author, yet it true is,
That down from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain:
All feel the ill, yet ſhun the cure:
Can ſenſe this paradox endure?
Reſolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

IV.

The man in graver tragic known
(Tho' his beſt part long ſince was done)
Still on the ſtage deſires to tarry:
And he who play'd the Harlequin,
After the jeſt ſtill loads the ſcene,
Unwilling to retire, tho' weary.

Written in the nouveaux interests des Princes de l'Europe.

BLEST be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
Since by their error we are taught,
That happineſs is but opinion.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS ad animam ſuam.

ANIMULA, vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes, comeſque corporis,
Quae nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut ſoles, dabis joca.

By Monſieur FONTENELLE.

MA petite ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, et Dieu ſçaçhe où tu yas
Tu pars ſeulette, nuë, et tremblotante, helas!
Que divendra ton humeur folichonne?
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

IMITATED.

POOR little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
Muſt we no longer live together?
And doſt thou prune thy trembling wing;
To take thy flight thou know'ſt not whither?
Thy humorous vein, thy pleaſing folly
Lies all neglected, all forgot:
And penſive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt and hop'ſt thou know'ſt not what.

A paſſage in the MORIAE ENCOMIUM *of* ERASMUS *imitated.*

IN awful pomp, and melancholy ſtate,
See ſettled *Reaſon* on the judgment ſeat;
Around her croud *Diſtruſt*, and *Doubt*, and *Fear*,
And thoughtful *Foreſight*, and tormenting *Care*:
Far from the throne, the trembling *Pleaſures* ſtand,
Chain'd up, or exil'd by her ſtern command.

Wretched her ſubjects, gloomy ſits the queen;
Till happy *Chance* reverts the cruel ſcene:
And apiſh *Folly* with her wild reſort
Of wit and jeſt diſturbs the ſolemn court.
See the fantaſtic minſtrelſy advance,
To breath the ſong, and animate the dance.
Bleſt the uſurper! happy the ſurprize!
Her mimic poſtures catch our eager eyes:
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear:
And in the ſights we ſee, and ſounds we hear,
Againſt our judgment ſhe our ſenſe employs:
The laws of troubl'd reaſon ſhe deſtroys:
And in their place rejoices to indite
Wild ſchemes of mirth, and plans of looſe delight.

To Dr. SHERLOCK, *on his* PRACTICAL DISCOURSE *concerning* DEATH.

FORGIVE the muſe, who in unhallow'd ſtrains
The ſaint one moment from his God detains:
For ſure, whate'er you do, whate'er you are,
'Tis all but one good work, one conſtant pray'r:
Forgive her; and intreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
To raiſe her notes to that ſublime degree,
Which ſuits a ſong of piety and thee.
Wond'rous good man! whoſe labours may repel
The force of ſin, may ſtop the rage of hell:
Thou, like the Baptiſt, from thy God was ſent
The crying voice, to bid the world repent.
Thee *Youth* ſhall ſtudy, and no more engage
Their flatt'ring wiſhes for uncertain *age*;

No more with fruitleſs care, and cheated ſtrife;
Chaſe fleeting pleaſure thro' this maze of life;
Finding the wretched all they here can have,
But preſent food, and but a future grave:
Each, great as Philip's victor ſon, ſhall view
This abject world, and weeping, aſk a new.
Decrepit *Age* ſhall read thee, and confeſs,
Thy labours can aſſwage, where med'cines ceaſe:
Shall bleſs thy words, their wounded ſoul's relief,
The drops that ſweeten their laſt dregs of life:
Shall look to heav'n, and laugh at all beneath:
Own riches gather'd, trouble; fame a breath;
And life an ill, whoſe only cure is death.

Thy even thoughts with ſo much plainneſs flow,
Their ſenſe untutor'd *Infancy* may know:
Yet to ſuch height is all that plainneſs wrought;
Wit may admire, and letter'd *Pride* be taught:
Eaſie in words, thy ſtyle in ſenſe ſublime:
On its bleſt ſteps each age and ſex may riſe:
'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,
Its foot on earth, its height above the ſkies.
Diffus'd its virtue, boundleſs is its pow'r:
'Tis public health, and univerſal cure:
Of heav'nly *manna* 'tis a ſecond feaſt,
A nation's food, and all to ev'ry taſte.

To its laſt height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd:
And various *Death* for various crimes ſhe fear'd.
With your kind work her drooping hopes revive:
You bid her read, repent, adore, and live:
You wreſt the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand;
Stop ready *Death*, and ſave a ſinking land.

O! save us still: still bless us with thy stay:
O! want thy heav'n, 'till we have learnt the way:
Refuse to leave thy destin'd charge too soon:
And for the church's good, defer thy own.
O! live: and let thy works urge our belief;
Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life;
'Till future *Infancy*, baptiz'd by thee,
Grow ripe in years, and old in piety;
'Till *Christians*, yet unborn, be taught to die.
Then in full age, and hoary holiness
Retire, great teacher, to thy promis'd bliss:
Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust,
As thy own fame among the future just;
'Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks:
'Till *Judgment* calls; and quicken'd *Nature* wakes:
'Till thro' the utmost earth, and deepest sea,
Our scatter'd atoms find their destin'd way,
In haste to cloath their kindred souls again;
Perfect our state, and build immortal man:
Then fearless thou, who well sustain'st the fight,
To paths of joy, and tracts of endless light,
Lead up all those who heard thee, and believ'd:
'Midst thy own flock, great shepherd, be receiv'd;
And glad all heav'n with millions thou hast sav'd.

CARMEN SECULARE, *for the year* 1700.

To the KING.

Aſpice, venturo lætantur ut omnia ſæclo:
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ
Spiritus, et quantum ſat erit tua dicere facta!

Virg. Eclog. 4.

I.

THY elder look, great Janus, caſt
Into the long records of ages paſt;
Review the years in faireſt action dreſt
With noted white, ſuperior to the reſt;
Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun
From empires founded, and from battles won:
Show all the ſpoils by valiant kings atchiev'd,
And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd;
The wounds of patriots in their country's cauſe,
And happy pow'r ſuſtain'd by wholſome laws:
In comely rank call ev'ry merit forth:
Imprint on ev'ry act its ſtandard worth:
The glorious parallels then downward bring,
To modern wonders, and to Britain's king:
With equal juſtice and hiſtoric care
Their laws, their toils, their arms with his compare;
Confeſs the various attributes of fame
Collected and compleat in William's name:
To all the liſt'ning world relate,
(As thou doſt his ſtory read)
That nothing went before ſo great,
And nothing greater can ſucceed.

II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
Prudent in peace, and terrible in war:
The boldeſt virtues that have govern'd earth
From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.
Then turn to her fair-written page:
From dawning childhood to eſtabliſh'd age,
The glories of her empire trace:
Confront the heroes of thy Roman race:
And let the juſteſt palm the victor's temples grace.

III.

The ſon of Mars reduc'd the trembling ſwains,
And ſpread his empire o'er the diſtant plains:
But yet the Sabins violated charms
Obſcur'd the glory of his riſing arms.
Numa the rights of ſtrict religion knew;
On ev'ry altar laid the incenſe due;
Unſkill'd to dart the pointed ſpear,
Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
Stern Brutus was with too much horror good,
Holding his *Faſces* ſtain'd with filial blood.
Fabius was wiſe, but with exceſs of care:
He ſav'd his country, but prolong'd the war;
While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
And by their ſtrict examples taught,
How wild deſires ſhould be controul'd;
And how much brighter virtue was, than gold;
They ſcarce their ſwelling thirſt of fame could hide;
And boaſted poverty with too much pride.
Exceſs in youth made Scipio leſs rever'd:
And Cato dying, ſeem'd to own, he fear'd.

Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes:
But patriots fell, e'er the Dictator roſe.
And while with clemency Auguſtus reign'd;
The monarch was ador'd; the city chain'd.

IV.

With juſteſt honour be their merits dreſt:
But be their failings too confeſt:
Their virtue, like their Tyber's flood
Rolling, its courſe deſign'd the country's good:
But oft the torrent's too impetuous ſpeed
From the low earth tore ſome polluting weed:
And with the blood of Jove there always ran
Some viler part, ſome tincture of the man.

V.

Few virtues after theſe ſo far prevail,
But that their vices more than turn the ſcale:
Valour grown wild by pride, and pow'r by rage,
Did the true charms of majeſty impair;
Rome by degrees advancing more in age,
Show'd ſad remains of what had once been fair:
'Till heav'n a better race of men ſupplies:
And glory ſhoots new beams from weſtern ſkies.

VI.

Turn then to Pharamond, and Charlemain,
And the long heros of the Gallic ſtrain;
Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy proweſs known,
And bloody wreaths in vent'rous battles won.
From the firſt William, our great Norman king,
The bold Plantagenets, and Tudors bring,
Illuſtrious virtues, who by turns have roſe,
In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes.

With happy laws her empire to ſuſtain;
And with full pow'r aſſert her ambient main;
But ſometimes too induſtrious to be great,
Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,
They open'd camps deform'd by civil fight:
And made proud conqueſt trample over right:
Diſparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful ſway
And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace
The glorious offspring of the Naſſau race,
Devoted lives to public liberty;
The chief ſtill dying, or the country free.
Then ſee the kindred blood of Orange flow,
From warlike Cornet, thro' the loins of Beau;
Thro' Chalon next, and there with Naſſau join,
From Rhone's fair banks tranſplanted to the Rhine.
Bring next the royal liſt of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted minds, that rul'd the rugged north;
'Till Heav'n's decrees by rip'ning times are ſhown;
'Till Scotland's kings aſcend the Engliſh throne;
And the fair rivals live for ever one.

VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,
Be kind; and as thy ſearching eye
Does our modern ſtory trace,
Finding ſome of Stuart's race
Unhappy, paſs their annals by:
No harſh reflection let remembrance raiſe:
Forbear to mention what thou can'ſt not praiſe:
But as thou dwell'ſt upon that heav'nly * name,
To grief for ever ſacred, as to fame,

* *MARY.*

Oh! read it to thyself; in silence weep;
And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep;
Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound;
And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

IX.

Whither would'st thou further look?
Read William's acts, and close the ample book:
Peruse the wonders of his dawning life:
How, like Alcides, he began;
With infant patience calm'd seditious strife,
And quell'd the snakes which round his cradle ran.

X.

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms,
By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms:
When conqu'ring, mild; when conquer'd, not disgrac'd;
By wrongs not lessen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd:
Superior to the blind events
Of little human accidents;
And constant to his first decree,
To curb the proud, to set the injur'd free;
To bow the haughty neck, and raise the suppliant knee.

XI.

His opening years to riper manhood bring;
And see the hero perfect in the king:
Imperious arms by manly reason sway'd,
And pow'r supreme by free consent obey'd:
With how much haste his mercy meets his foes;
And how unbounded his forgiveness flows:
With what desire he makes his subjects bless'd,
His favours granted ere his throne address'd:

What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,
By arts of peace more potent, than by wars:
How o'er himself, as o'er the world, he reigns,
His morals ſtrength'ning, what his law ordains.

XII.

Thro' all his thread of life already ſpun,
Becoming grace and proper action run:
The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,
Mixt with no crime, and ſhaded with no fault;
No footſteps of the victor's rage
Left in the camp, where William did engage:
No tincture of the monarch's pride
Upon the royal purple ſpy'd:
His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more ſhall its intrinſic worth proclaim;
Shall paſs the combat of the ſearching flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquiſh'd heat,
For ever coming out the ſame,
And loſing nor its luſtre nor its weight.

XIII.

Janus, be to William juſt;
To faithful hiſtory his actions truſt:
Command her, with peculiar care
To trace each toil, and comment ev'ry war:
His ſaving wonders bid her write
In characters diſtinctly bright;
That each revolving age may read
The patriot's piety, the hero's deed:
And ſtill the fire inculcate to his ſon
Tranſmiſſive leſſons of the king's renown;
That William's glory ſtill may live;
When all that preſent art can give,

The pillar'd marble, and the tablet braſs
Mould'ring, drop the victor's praiſe:
When the great monuments of his pow'r
Shall now be viſible no more:
When Sambre ſhall have chang'd her winding flood;
And children aſk, where Namur ſtood.

XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her tow'rs were arm'd!
How ſhe contemn'd th' approaching foe
'Till ſhe by William's trumpets was alarm'd.
And ſhook, and ſunk, and fell beneath his blow.
Jove and Pallas, mighty pow'rs,
Guided the hero to the hoſtile tow'rs.
Perſeus ſeem'd leſs ſwift in war,
When, wing'd with ſpeed, he flew thro' air.
Embattel'd nations ſtrive in vain
The hero's glory to reſtrain:
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire
In vain againſt his force conſpire.
Behold him from the dreadful height appear!
And lo! Britannia's lions waving there.

XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd
The hero from the height beheld:
He ſpake the word, that war and rage ſhould ceaſe:
He bid the Maeſe and Rhine in ſafety flow;
And dictated a laſting peace
To the rejoicing world below,
To reſcu'd ſtates, and vindicated crowns
His equal hand preſcrib'd their ancient bounds;
Ordain'd, whom ev'ry province ſhould obey;
How far each monarch ſhould extend his ſway:

Taught 'em how clemency made pow'r rever'd;
And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd.
Firm by his side unspotted honour stood,
Pleas'd to confess him not so great as good:
His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deck't,
Than those which all his num'rous crowns reflect:
Establish'd *Freedom* clap'd her joyful wings;
Proclaim'd the first of men, and best of kings.

XVI.

Whither would the muse aspire
With Pindar's rage, without his fire?
Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
Created by too great a thought:
Mindless of the god and day,
I from thy altars, Janus, stray,
From thee, and from myself born far away.
The fiery Pegasus disdains
To mind the rider's voice, or bear the reins:
When glorious fields and opening camps he views;
He runs with an unbounded loose:
Hardly the muse can sit the headstrong horse:
Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous force;
With the glad noise the cliffs and vallies ring;
While she thro' earth and air pursues the King.

XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgic shore;
Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore,
Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,
And with wise silence pond'ring vengeful wars.
She thro' the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auspicious prow;

Combating adverſe winds and winter ſeas,
Sighing the moments that defer our eaſe;
Daring to wield the ſcepter's dang'rous weight,
And taking the command, to ſave the ſtate:
Tho' ere the doubtful gift can be ſecur'd,
New wars muſt be ſuſtain'd, new wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Thro' rough Ierne's camps, ſhe ſounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms;
In the dank marſhes finds her glorious theme;
And plunges after him thro' Boyn's fierce ſtream.
She bids the Nereids run with trembling haſte,
To tell old Ocean how the hero paſt.
The god rebukes their fear, and owns the praiſe
Worthy that arm, whoſe empire he obeys.

XIX.

Back to his Albion ſhe delights to bring
The humbleſt victor, and the kindeſt king.
Albion with open triumph would receive
Her hero, nor obtains his leave:
Firm he rejects the altars ſhe wou'd raiſe;
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praiſe.
Again ſhe follows him thro' Belgia's land,
And countries often ſav'd by William's hand;
Hears joyful nations bleſs thoſe happy toils,
Which freed the people, but return'd the ſpoils.
In various views ſhe tries her conſtant theme;
Finds him in councils, and in arms the ſame:
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to ſave,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy, brave.

XX.

Sudden another ſcene employs her ſight:
She ſets her hero in another light:
Paints his great mind ſuperiour to ſucceſs;
Declining conqueſt, to eſtabliſh peace:
She brings Aſtrea down to earth again,
And quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

XXI.

Then with unweary'd wing the goddeſs ſoars
Eaſt, over Danube and Propontis' ſhoars;
Where jarring empires ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and ſuſpend their rage;
'Till William's word, like that of fate, declares,
If they ſhall ſtudy peace, or lengthen wars.
How ſacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world defers its common cauſe!
How fair his friendſhips, and his leagues how juſt,
Whom ev'ry nation courts, whom all religions truſt!

XXII.

From the Maeotis to the northern ſea,
The goddeſs wings her deſp'rate way;
Sees the young Muſcovite, the mighty head,
Whoſe ſov'reign terror forty nations dread,
Inamour'd with a greater monarch's praiſe,
And paſſing half the earth to his embrace:
She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
O'er precipices with impetuous ſway
Breaking, and as he rowls his rapid courſe,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.
But her own king ſhe likens to his Thames,
With gentle courſe devolving fruitful ſtreams:

Serene yet ſtrong, majeſtic yet ſedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.
Each ardent nymph the riſing current craves:
Each ſhepherd's pray'r retards the parting waves:
The vales along the bank their ſweets diſcloſe:
Freſh flow'rs for ever riſe: and fruitful harveſt grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither wou'd th' adventurous goddeſs go?
Sees ſhe not clouds, and earth, and main below?
Minds ſhe the dangers of the Lycian coaſt,
And fields, where mad Bellerophon was loſt?
Or is her tow'ring flight reclaim'd,
By ſeas from Icarus's downfal nam'd?
Vain is the call, and uſeleſs the advice:
To wiſe perſuaſion deaf, and human cries,
Yet upward ſhe inceſſant flies;
Reſolv'd to reach the high empyrean ſphere,
And tell great Jove, ſhe ſings his image here;
To aſk for William an Olympic crown,
To Chromius' ſtrength, and Theron's ſpeed unknown:
'Till loſt in trackleſs fields of ſhining day,
Unable to diſcern the way,
Which Naſſau's virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any muſe before,
She, from the noble precipices thrown,
Comes ruſhing with uncommon ruin down.
Glorious attempt! unhappy fate!
The ſong too daring, and the theme too great!
Yet rather thus ſhe wills to die,
Than in continu'd annals live, to ſing
A ſecond hero, or a vulgar king;

And with ignoble ſafety fly
In ſight of earth, along a middle ſky.

XXIV.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng,
That round his myſtic temple preſs,
For William's life, and Albion's peace,
Ambitious muſe reduce the roving ſong.
Janus, caſt thy forward eye
Future, into great Rhea's pregnant womb;
Where young ideas brooding lie,
And tender images of things to come:
'Till by thy high commands releas'd;
'Till by thy hand in proper atoms dreſs'd,
In decent order they advance to light;
Yet then too ſwiftly fleet by human ſight;
And meditate too ſoon their everlaſting flight.

XXV.

Nor beaks of ſhips in naval triumph born,
Nor ſtandards from the hoſtile ramparts torn,
Nor trophies brought from battles won,
Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown
Can any future honours give
To the victorious monarch's name:
The plenitude of William's fame
Can no accumulated ſtores receive.
Shut then, auſpicious god, thy ſacred gate,
And make us happy, as our King is great.
Be kind, and with a milder hand,
Cloſing the volume of the finiſh'd age,
(Tho' noble, 'twas an iron page)
A more delightful leaf expand,
Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage:

Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
By Flora ſome, and ſome by Ceres crown'd;
Teach the glad hours to ſcatter, as they fly,
Soft quiet, gentle love, and endleſs joy:
Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,
From Saturn's rule, and better metal nam'd.

XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain ſtand;
Nor dread the bold invader's hand:
From adverſe ſhores in ſafety let her hear
Foreign calamity, and diſtant war;
Of which let her, great Heav'n, no portion bear.
Betwixt the nations let her hold the ſcale:
And as ſhe wills, let either part prevail:
Let her glad vallies ſmile with wavy corn:
Let fleecy flocks her riſing hills adorn:
Around her coaſt let ſtrong defence be ſpread:
Let fair abundance on her breaſt be ſhed:
And heav'nly ſweets bloom round the goddeſs' head.

XXVII.

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did ſtand,
Remains of Wolſey's or great Henry's hand,
To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame;
Let a young Phenix raiſe her tow'ring head:
Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her ſpread;
And by her greatneſs ſhew her builder's fame:
Auguſt and open, as the hero's mind,
Be her capacious courts deſign'd:
Let ev'ry ſacred pillar bear
Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.
The King ſhall there in Parian marble breathe,
His ſhoulder bleeding freſh: and at his feet

Diſarm'd ſhall lie the threat'ning *Death*:
(For ſo was ſaving Jove's decree compleat,)
Behind, that angel ſhall be plac'd, whoſe ſhield
Sav'd Europe, in the blow repell'd:
On the firm baſis, from his oozy bed;
Boyn ſhall raiſe his laurel'd head;
And his immortal ſtream be known,
Artfully waving thro' the wounded ſtone.

XXVIII.

And thou, imperial Windſor, ſtand enlarg'd,
With all the monarch's trophies charg'd:
Thou, the fair heav'n, that doſt the ſtars incloſe,
Which William's boſom wears, or hand beſtows
On the great champions who ſupport his throne,
And virtues neareſt to his own.

XXIX.

Round Ormond's knee, thou ty'ſt the myſtiç ſtring,
That makes the knight companion to the king.
From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
Bowing before thy ſainted warrior's ſhrine,
Faſt by his great forefather's coats, and ſhields
Blazon'd from Bohun's, or from Butler's line,
He hangs his arms; nor fears thoſe arms ſhould ſhine
With an unequal ray; or that his deed
With paler glory ſhould recede,
Eclips'd by theirs, or leſſen'd by the fame
Ev'n of his own maternal Naſſau's name.

XXX.

Thou ſmiling ſee'ſt great Dorſet's worth confeſt,
The ray diſtinguiſhing the patriot's breaſt:
Born to protect and love, to help and pleaſe;
Sov'reign of wit, and ornament of peace,

O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name;
Ne'er cease to mention the continu'd debt,
Which the great patron only would forget,
And duty, long as life, must study to acquit.

XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records shall Ca'ndish stand,
Asserting legal pow'r, and just command:
To the great house thy favour shall be shown,
The father's star transmissive to the son.
From thee the Talbot's and the Seymour's race
Inform'd, their sire's immortal steps shall trace:
Happy may their sons receive
The bright reward, which thou alone canst give,

XXXII.

And if a god these lucky numbers guide;
If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside;
Jersey, belov'd by all (for all must feel
The influence of a form and mind,
Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,
Like mingl'd streams, more forcible when join'd)
Jersey shall at thy altars stand;
Shall there receive the azure band,
That fairest mark of favour and of fame,
Familiar to the Villier's name.

XXXIII.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great master's future charge;
To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
High schemes of government, and plans of wars;
By fair rewards our noble youth to raise
To emulous merit, and to thirst of praise;

To lead them out from eaſe ere opening dawn,
Through the thick foreſt and the diſtant lawn,
Where the fleet ſtag employs their ardent care;
And chaſes give them images of war.
To teach them vigilance by falſe alarms;
Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms;
Practiſe them now to curb the turning ſteed,
Mocking the foe; now to his rapid ſpeed
To give the rein, and in the full career,
To draw the certain ſword, or ſend the pointed ſpear.

XXXIV.

Let him unite his ſubjects hearts,
Planting ſocieties for peaceful arts;
Some that in nature ſhall true knowledge found;
And by experiment make precept ſound;
Some that to morals ſhall recall the age,
And purge from vitious droſs the ſinking ſtage;
Some that with care true eloquence ſhall teach,
And to juſt idioms fix our doubtful ſpeech:
That from our writers diſtant realms may know
The thanks we to our monarch owe;
And ſchools profeſs our tongue through ev'ry land,
That has invok'd his aid, or bleſt his hand.

XXXV.

Let his high pow'r the drooping *Muſes* rear.
The *Muſes* only can reward his care:
'Tis they that give the great Atrides' ſpoils:
'Tis they that ſtill renew Ulyſſes' toils:
To them by ſmiling Jove 'twas giv'n, to ſave
Diſtinguiſh'd patriots from the common grave;
To them, great William's glory to recall,
When ſtatues moulder, and when arches fall.

Nor let the *Muses*, with ungrateful pride,
The sources of their treasure hide:
The hero's virtue does the string inspire,
When with big joy they strike the living lyre:
On William's fame their fate depends:
With him the song begins: with him it ends.
From the bright effluence of his deed
They borrow that reflected light,
With which the lasting lamp they feed,
Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

XXXVI.

Through various climes, and to each distant pole
In happy tides let active commerce roll:
Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,
Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece:
Returning loaden with the shining stores,
Which lie profuse on either India's shores.
As our high vessels pass their wat'ry way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay;
With hasty reverence their top-honours lower,
Confessing the asserted power,
To whom by fate 'twas given, with happy sway
To calm the earth, and vindicate the sea.

XXXVII.

Our pray'rs are heard, our master's fleets shall go
As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,
New lands to make, new Indies to explore,
In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's pow'r;
Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
And teach 'em arms, and arts, in William's name.

XXXVIII.

With humble joy, and with reſpectful fear
The liſt'ning people ſhall his ſtory hear,
The wounds he bore, the dangers he ſuſtain'd,
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;
Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
And form their children's accents to his name,
Enquiring how, and when from heav'n he came.
Their regal tyrants ſhall with bluſhes hide
Their little luſts of arbitrary pride,
Nor bear to ſee their vaſſals ty'd:
When William's virtues raiſe their opening thought,
His forty years for public freedom fought,
Europe by his hand ſuſtain'd,
His conqueſt by his piety reſtrain'd
And o'er himſelf the laſt great triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer ſhall their wretched zeal adore
Ideas of deſtructive power,
Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour:
New incenſe they ſhall bring, new altars raiſe,
And fill their temples with a ſtranger's praiſe;
When the great father's character they find
Viſibly ſtampt upon the heroe's mind;
And own a preſent deity confeſt,
In valour that preſerv'd, and power that bleſs'd.

XL.

Through the large convex of the azure ſky
(For thither nature caſts our common eye)
Fierce meteors ſhoot their arbitrary light;
And comets march with lawleſs horror bright:

Thoſe hear no rule, no righteous order own;
Their influence dreaded, as their ways unknown:
Thro' threaten'd lands they wild deſtruction throw,
'Till ardent prayer averts the public woe:
But the bright orb that bleſſes all above,
The ſacred fire, the real ſon of Jove,
Rules not his actions by capricious will;
Nor by ungovern'd pow'r declines to ill:
Fix'd by juſt laws he goes for ever right:
Man knows his courſe, and thence adores his light.

XLI.

O Janus! would intreated fate conſpire
To grant what Britain's wiſhes could require;
Above, that ſun ſhould ceaſe his way to go,
Ere William ceaſe to rule, and bleſs below:
But a relentleſs deſtiny
Urges all that e'er was born:
Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once muſt mourn
The demi-god: the earthly half muſt die.
Yet if our incenſe can your wrath remove;
If human prayers avail on minds above;
Exert, great god, thy int'reſt in the ſky;
Gain each kind pow'r, each guardian deity,
That conquer'd by the public vow,
They bear the diſmal miſchief far away:
O! long as utmoſt nature may allow,
Let them retard the threaten'd day;
Still be our maſter's life thy happy care:
Still let his bleſſings with his years increaſe:
To his laborious youth conſum'd in war,
Add laſting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace:

Let twiſted olive bind thoſe laurels faſt,
Whoſe verdure muſt for ever laſt.

XLII.

Long let this growing *Aera* bleſs his ſway:
And let our ſons his preſent rule obey:
On his ſure virtue long let earth rely:
And late let the imperial eagle fly,
To bear the heroe thro' his father's ſky,
To Leda's twins, or he whoſe glorious ſpeed,
On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the ſteed;
To Hercules, at length abſolv'd by fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great;
To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's ſon,
Sire of the Latian, and the Britiſh throne;
To all the radiant names above,
Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove.
Late, Janus, let the Naſſau-ſtar
New-born, in riſing majeſty appear,
To triumph over vanquiſh'd night,
And guide the proſp'rous mariner
With everlaſting beams of friendly light.

CARMEN SECULARE, *Latine redditum Per* THO. DIBBEN, *e Trin. Col.* Cant.

——— Ego dis amicum,
Seculo feſtas referente luces,
Reddidi carmen——— Hor.

JANE Bifrons, priſcos a tergo reſpice lapſi
Annales ævi, felicesque ordine longo
Evolvas faſtos, quos cætera tempora ſupra
Conſpicuos albo, ſec'lis monumenta futuris
Urbis fundatæ, et parti poſuere triumphi.
Aggredere inſignes ſpoliis, lauroque decoros
Enumerare duces, quos nobilis ira gementem
Impulit ulciſci populum; qui ſacra cruore
Jura patrum ſanxere ſuo; ſceptriſve potiti
Miſerunt lætum placidis ſub legibus orbem.
Agmine perpetuo ſeries ornata laborum
Procedat; ſuus omnis honos, ſua debita quemque
Laus inſcripta notet: tum noſtra ad tempora caſus
Inſignes ducas, famamque et fata parentum
Mirac'lis oppone novis, regique Britanno.
Dumque fide, curaque pari per ſingula curris;
Dum varios recolis populos, varioſque labores;
Et ſtudia, et leges, pugnataque proelia ſeris
Temporibus mandas; tute ipſe fatebere, Jane,
Omnium in Auriaco cumulari nomine famam:
Et dices orbi attonito; nil ſecula tale
Prima tulere hominum, nil majus poſtera reddent.

Vertici ſublimi ſurgat, tua maxima cura,
Bello et pace potens Latium: fortiſſima corda,
Egregios rerum dominos dabat Italia tellus,
Felix prole virûm; foecundam hanc aſpice gentem,
Romanoſque tuos; huc vertere, et altius omnem
Naſcentis prima repetens ab origine regni
Expedias famam; pulchro in certamine pubem
Oppone Auſoniam; et cedat ſua palma merenti.
Si potuit ferro Latii turbare colonos
Palantes Mavorte ſatus, ſi ruſtica late
Regna domare armis; raptae ſine more Sabinae,
Surgenti famae, coeptiſque ingentibus obſtant.
Sacra Deûm, ſanctaſque aras, et templa tueri
Cura Numam ſubiit: ſed frigida dextera bello,
Non haſtam torquere ſciens, enſemque rotare
Fulmineum, juvenumque manus armare frementum.
Conſiliis, eſto, Fabii Romana vigebant
Arma: at res omnes gelide tardeque miniſtrans,
Dilator nimium ſapiens ingrata trahebat
Bella. Quid immani patrem pietate cruentum
Ultorem Brutum referam, forteſque ſub armis
Aemilium, Decium, Curium? tot magna animorum
Nos exempla monent, qua poſſit lege libido
Fraenari, et quantum cedat virtutibus aurum:
Hos quoque ſed nimium gaudens popularibus auris,
Hos rapit ambitio, tumidoque ſuperbia faſtu
Oſtentans humileſque caſas, parvoſque penates.
Sit quanquam illuſtris, primos inglorius annos
Scipiades egit: nec mens invicta Catonis
Semper erat, tunc faſſa metum, vel viſa fateri,
Cum ceſſit fato, et lucem indignata refugit.
Julius externos fruſtra domat, omnia Romae

Subjiciens, Romamque sibi: surgitque triumphans
Afflictos cives super, oppressumque senatum.
Imperium lene Augustus, patriamque subactam
Mollia vinc'la pati jussit: sed vincula passa est,
Purpureum cultu insolito venerata tyrannum.
Fas veterum laudes justis celebrare triumphis:
Fas etiam errores, atque omnia ferre sub auras.
Stare loco impatiens magna sese impete versat
Vivida vis animi, patrii ceu Tybridis unda,
Cui nunc lene fluens rigat agros dulcis aquae fons;
Vortice nunc rapido volvit se turbidus amnis;
Et limo castas obscoeno polluit undas:
Diis quanquam geniti, atqui invicti viribus essent,
Mortalem infecto fassi sunt sanguine matrem.
Decolor ex illo vitiis dominantibus aetas
Degenerare ausa est: rumpit vinc'la omnia miles
Acer, acerba fremens; majestatemque verendam
Effraenis violat rabies: jam segnior annis
Deficit illa olim rerum pulcherrima Roma;
Heu! vix agnosces veteris vestigia formae:
Donec gens divûm, nati venientibus annis,
Heroum novus ordo datur, nova lumina surgunt;
Hesperioque dies melior procedit Olympo.
Aspice ut insignis spoliis Pharamondus opimis
Ingreditur, Magnusque aquilis qui lilia junxit
Carolus; inde alii, quos Gallica terra triumphis
Dives alit, genus acre virûm, spectataque bello
Pectora. Sed major nunc rerum apparet imago:
Sanguineae en! lauri, victricisque arma Wilhelmi
Normanni: viden' externis quanta intonet oris
Tudorum manus armipotens, et nomina magna,
Plantageneum metuenda domus! quid plurima virtus

Amborum potuit, te, victrix Anglia, teſtor,
Quam labor heroum imperio Maria omnia circum
Aſſeruit, fundanſque armis et legibus ornans:
Felix, ſi nunquam regnandi dira cupido
Cognatas acies paribus concurrere telis
Egiſſet, patriaeque in viſcera vertere vires:
Illa afflicta ſedet, variis incerta triumphis,
Cui det colla jugo, quem ſit paſſura tyrannum.
Quo Deſideri ſoboles, quo Caeſar Adolphus,
Naſſoviique alii rapiunt, celeberrima proles?
Omnes illuſtres, omnes in utramque parati,
Aut patriam tutari, aut certae occumbere morti.
Hos juxta Auriacus pleno fluit agmine ſanguis,
Immortale genus: primuſque en! Martius auctor
Corniger: inde heros qui Bello a corpore nomen
Obtinuit; noſco crines, frontemque venuſtam
Francigenae juvenis; domus hinc Chalonia mixta eſt
Naſſoviis; ſedeſque novas, Rhenumque bicornem
Inde petit, linquens Rhodanum, ripamque ſonantem.
Jamque Stuartiadum ſeries longiſſima regum
Emicat. Illa diu magna ditione tenebat
Effraenem populum, et duris regna horrida glebis:
Donec fata deûm, et luſtris labentibus aetas
Scotorum manibus tranſcribi ſceptra jubebant
Anglica; feceruntque omnes uno ore Britannos.
Atque hic, magne Deus, cum res ſcrutabere noſtras,
Sis bonus O! paſſimque oculos per cuncta ferenti
Si quid forte tibi occurrat de gente Stuartûm
Infelix; (utcunque ferent ea fata minores)
Pro patria, obteſtor, pro majeſtate Britanni
Imperii, nihil ingratum, nihil acre dolores
Obductos vulgare ſinas: preme, Jane, tenebris,

Quae laudare nequis; teque ad meliora reſerves.
Utque erit ad * MARIAE ventum, quod flebile ſemper,
Semper honoratum (ſic, dii, voluiſtis) habemus;
Supprime ſingultus, ſubmiſſa et voce dolores
Hos compeſce, tuo ne docta Britannia luctu
Ire iterum in lachrymas, iterum gemebunda querelam
Integret infandam; ſtilletque cruore recenti
Aeternum crudele patens ſub pectore vulnus.
Quo jam raptus abis? Naſſovi, Jane, labores
Aggredere O! magnos, atque amplum claude volumen.
En! infans victor, nutu dum temperat iras
Turbati populi; jacet en Tirynthius alter;
Ardenteſque hoſtes, et ſibila colla tumentes
Sternit; et in cunis infans ſe vindicat heros.
En! quantis tollit ſe rebus firmior aetas?
Quales primitiae juvenis, bellique ferocis
Dura rudimenta, et primis nova gloria in armis?
Sublimis marte adverſo, mitiſque ſecundo,
Eventus omnes, et ineluctabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus: non mens elata triumphis,
Non depreſſa malis; ſed in omnia pectus honeſtum
Fertur idem, fatis contraria fata rependens.
Dum curas hominum, dum ſpes contemnit inanes,
Fortunaeque vices caecas; quocunque cadat res,
Hoc animo fixum ſedet, aeternumque ſedebit,
"*Parcere ſubjectis, et debellare ſuperbos.*"
En! totum heroem, maturum, et ſceptra tenentem
Contemplare virum: en! ut juſta fulminet ira
Terrarum egregius vindex; placiduſque volentes
Per populos det jura; infeſto et leniat hoſti

* *MARIAE.*

Pectora flexanimus victor; mitisque jacentum
Dat vitam lachrymis! quo pectora fida suorum
Amplecti studio properat? quam totus in illis?
Quam curas pater indulgens descendit in omnes?
Nec regem pudet officio certare priorem.
Hac arte, O bellis ingens, ingentior alma
Morum temperie, devincis corda benignis
Assueta imperiis: longos hac arte triumphos,
Maxime victor, agis, cum teque, animosque tuorum,
Pacatumque regas aequis virtutibus orbem.
Per varias vitaeque vices, operumque colores
Idem cautus honos, metuens et gratia culpae,
Puraque simplicitas tota descripta tabella
Effulget; constansque sibi servatur ad imum.
Victoris castra ingrederis? certamina nulla
Cum victis, belli nulla horrida signi cruenta
Apparent infixa agris: non militis ardor
Turbavit pectus; nec purpura picta superbos
Induxit regum fastus: sed fama peric'lo
Explorata (velut fulvum fornacibus aurum)
Emicat innocuo: frustra Vulcania pestis
Circum immane fremit: contemptorique minatur
Flamma suo: caeco contra dominata furori
Ardens spectator virtus, ponduſque nitoremque
Illaesum servans; et amico vivit in igne.
Unum, Jane, oro (quando nos nostraque morti
Debemur) magni saltem mirac'la Wilhelmi
Exsuperare, virûmque sinas volitare per ora;
Ut nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis
Virtutem ex illo moniti, pulchrumque laborem
Cognoscant, et sancta procul vestigia adorent.
Exoriare aliquis, regis qui gesta Britanni,

Fataque fortunasque dooens, moresque manusque
(Argumentum ingens!) vivis committere chartis
Ausis, et serum producere nomen in aevum:
Cum statuae, multo cum victum tempore marmor,
Aeraque labentur; cum bello saevior omni
Invidiosa dies famae monumenta Britannae
Delebit; tardis cum Sabis flexibus ibit
Per terras mutata novas; seriique nepotes
Quaerent, qua stabant immania saxa Namurcae.
En! urbem, dicent, quae quondam condidit astris
Ambitiosa caput; toties quae pertulit omnem
Irrisi nubem belli: sed non ita sensit
Armatos Britonas; non irrita tela Wilhelmi
Experta est; vastis dum victor turribus instans,
Cum populo, et signis victricibus, et magnis diis,
Fundamenta quatit: mortaliaque agmina frustra
Contra Nassovium atque Jovem, contraque Minervam
Tela tenent: medio discrimine caedis et ignis,
Ceu Perseus per aperta volans, ipse arduus arces
Oppositas scandit; frustraque objecta retardant
Flumina, flammarumque globi, scopulique minaces:
En! tandem summis insultans arcibus heros,
Atque Angli juxta, fulgentia signa, leones.
Et jam finis erat; cum victor vertice ab alto
Despexit Gallum attonitum, et tam libera vinc'lo
Littoraque, et latos populos; pacemque silenti
Indulsit felicem orbi: longe audiit aether,
Et terrae, et fluvii; jamque ibat mollior undis
Mosa; ferusque suas Rhenus compescuit iras.
Continuo leges aeternaque foedera certis
Imposuit manus aequa locis; quam singula motam,

Et quem quaeque ferat dominum, quem quaeque recuſet
Gens, ſemel edixit; mirantemque admonet orbem,
Quantus amor populi, quanta et reverentia mitem
Proſequitur regem: comes indiviſus amico
Adſtat Honos lateri: ſupra caput explicat alas
Libertas firmata novas; pulchraeque ſorores,
Et Virtus et Fama, pari diſcrimine certant,
Utrum ornare magis regemne, virumne deceret.
Quid loquor? aut ubi ſum? quis me per opaca virorum
Ire furor ſuadet? quos muſa aſſurgit in auſus?
Dum vatis furias Thebani concipit (ignes
O ſi conciperet ſimiles!) te, Jane, relinquit,
Teque, araſque tuas, ut coelum et ſydera tentet;
Demens! quae nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
Pindaricum ſimulare auſa eſt. Da, Jane, furenti,
Da veniam *Muſae*, ſua quam rapit ampla volantem
Materia; et tollit volvens ſub naribus ignem
Pegaſus ardua in aſtra; neque audit anhelus habenas.
Cum latos campos, immenſumque aſpicit aequor,
Expatiatur equus; vix haeret *Muſa* frementi;
Nec ſcit, qua ſit iter; nec ſi ſciat, imperet illi.
Saxa per, et ſcopulos, et depreſſas convalles
Inſequitur regem; telluſque ſub ungue tonanti
Icta gemit; rebant ſylvaeque, et magnus Olympus.
Nunc caſus *Muſa* antiquos, annoſque reducit
Praeteritos, patriiſque virum meditatur in arvis.
Hic Britonum motus cura, lachrymiſque ſuorum,
Conſilium vultu tegit; et ſecum ante peractum
Belli et regnorum volvit ſub pectore fatum:
Et mox armatas hyberno ſydere claſſes
Molitur; contraque iras coelique, mariſque

Impavidus grande urget iter: tum ſanguine multo
Tutandas Anglorum arces, oblataque regna
Occupat; amiſſo fluitantem errare magiſtro
Senſit; et ipſe ratem turbatis rexit in undis.
Jamque alias hinc in lachrymas, alia horrida bella,
Per deſolatae regna infelicia Iernes
Diva virum ſequitur; fluctuſque irrumpit in altos
Bovindae bello undantis; tum Naidas ad ſe
Impatiens trepidas vocat; hortaturque ſorores
Maturare fugam, quantuſque emerſerat heros,
Oceano narrare patri: vanum ille timorem
Ridet; eamque manum victis agnoſcit in undis,
Imperio dignam pelagi, ſaevoque tridente.
Hinc pleno Britonum victor ſubit oſtia velo
Stans celſa in puppi: pueri, innuptaeque puellae,
Effuſique patres reſonantia littora circum
Sacra canunt reduci; ſed repulit ille moleſtum
Officium; poſcitque animos, laudeſque recuſat.
Mox charos iterum Belgas, ſedeſque ſuorum,
Et patriam, et toties raptos ex hoſte penates
Hoſpes adit: varii populi, diverſaque ſigna,
Externique duces omnes ſocia arma ferentes
Communem celebrare ducem; quam tardus ad iram,
Quam placidus victor, fortunatuſque laborum
Securus palmae, dum praedam rejicit heros!
Nunc verſae ſcenae diſcedunt: altera rerum
Nunc ſurgit facies: alia ſub luce videri
Heros grandis amat; ſucceſſuque altior ipſo
Innumeris belli ſpoliis, partiſque trophaeis
Pacem laetus emit; jam Virgo reddita terras
Pacatus viſit; jamque aurea tempora circum
Felices ſecura quatit Concordia pennas.

Mox ad Danubium, raucaeque Propontidis undam,
Eoaſque plagas alis audacibus ardens
Muſa volat; lethi qua jam diſcrimine parvo
Stant acies, utrinque necem lugubre minantes:
Hi motus animorum, irae, infandique paratus,
Compreſſa belli rabie, ſuſpenſa tenentur;
Donec conſilia ingentis ſpectata Wilhelmi
Oſtendant, pacemne colant, an in arma ferantur.
Quae regio in terris, ubi regis foedera ſancta,
Aut leges placidae ignotae? quae regna per orbem
(Qualemcunque fidem, dominum quemcunque fatentur)
Communem Auriaco dubitent ſubmittere cauſam?
Hinc ad Hyperboream glaciem, monteſque nivales
Urget diva viam; qua Moſcoviticus altum
Fulminat ad Tanaim Caeſar; nutuque tremendo
Jura quaterdenis juvenis dat gentibus unus:
Hic tamen, hic Caeſar perculſus nomine regis
Majoris, non legatis, neque dulce miniſtris
Officium impatiens ceſſit; ſe, ſe ipſe, ſuumque
Objecit caput, infidi maris omnia vincens
Taedia, dimidiumque orbis poſt terga relinquens,
Tangeret ut ſanctam, per quam ſtetit Anglia, dextram.
Hujus in imperio tumidum, magnumque fluentem
Cernere erat Volgam; multa cui ſpumeus unda,
Saxoſumque ſonans, obſtantia pondera torrens
Aut ſecum rapit, aut immiti gurgite mergit.
Sed noſtrum, ſed *Muſa* ſuum tibi, Tame, tuiſque
Rivis affimulat regem: non amnis abundans,
Sed plenus per opima virûm fortem abſque furore
Fundit aquam, tardoque procul languore ſerenam:
Quoſcunque O! Britonum lambis pulcherrimis agros,

Omnia ibi ridere facis: tibi candida Naïs
Purpureas inter violas, et suave rubentes
Vota facit resoluta rosas: te lentus in umbra
Labentem expectat pastor: te mollia prata,
Te sitiunt croceis halantes floribus horti.
Quo feror? unde abii? tuque, audacissima *Musa*,
Quo peritura ruis? si formidabile littus,
Si Lycios temnas saltus, fatalisque arva,
Bellerophontaei quae signavere furores:
I, sequere infidos ventos, nova nomina lapsu
Subjectis positura undis: ea surda moventi
Ardet in astra magis; perque inconcessa Diei
Luxuriens spatia aeterni, petit intima divûm
Sacra, Jovem similemque Jovis, dictura Wilhelmum:
Indefessa illi maturos poscit honores;
Illi ut Olympiacae referantur praemia palmae,
Quam velox Theron, quam vastis viribus ingens
Sperabat nunquam Chromius: *Musam* illius ergo
Per nitidos orbes lucis, camposque patentes,
Dulcis raptat amor: juvat explorare priorum
Curae iter ignotum: sed inextricabilis error,
Et caecae ambages, quas una resolvere virtus
Nassovii novit, securam, et vana tumentem
Exsuperant longe divam; jamque aethere toto
Praecipitata agitur; jam torti fulminis instar
Fertur; et horrificis tonat exanimata ruinis.
O coeptum sublime! infelix exitus ausi
Nobilis! O *Musa*, et vires pro nomine tanto
Exiguae! sed sic potius cecidisse juvabit
Audentem, quam vena humili inferiora secutam
Radere iter medium, tutasque extendere pennas.
Nunc ad te, et tua sacra, pater, turbamque sonantem

(Matres atque viros) quae circum plurima clauſas
Fuſa fores, pacem Britonum, vitamque Wilhelmi
Ardens implorat, nunc ambitioſa vagantes
Muſa modos revocet: tuque O! qua ſecula fronte
Jane vides ventura, Rheae genetricis in alvum
Deſcendas, partus ubi ſemina prima futuri,
Et tenerae ſpecies, ſimulachraque carcere clauſo
Mixta jacent; donec magnum per inane coacta
Mox durare jubes, et rerum ſumere formas.
Tum tua vox, divine autor, tua caeca relaxat
Spiramenta manus; juſtis emiſſa figuris
Dum veſtit junctura decens et amabilis ordo.
Sed nimium brevis hora fugam meditata perennem
Tranſit: et aeternam repetunt naſcentia noctem.
Non de navali ſurgentes aere triumphi,
Captivi currus ereptaque ab hoſte trophaea;
Non civilis honos quercus, non umbra coronae
Muralis, laurique novum decus addere regi
Angliaco poſſunt; ſatis illum conſcia virtus,
Geſtaque ſublimem tollunt: ad ſydera raptim
Vi propria nituntur, opiſque haud indiga noſtrae.
Nunc ergo, ut populus felix cum regi potenti
Fortunis paribus ſurgat; compagibus arctis
Claudantur belli portae: et jam, myſtice cuſtos,
Mitior O! jam, dive, precor, melioribus orbis
Auſpiciis, alioſque dies, aliumque tenorem
Tandem habeat, jubeas: hic ferrea deſinat aetas
(Magna, eſto, ſed ferrea erat) faſſuſque metallum
Pulchrius, annorum ſe gratior explicet ordo.
Haud iterum pavidos bellum turbabit agreſtes;
At ſecura quies, at mollis ſomnus, amores
Jucundi, ſuaveſque joci cum dulcibus horis

Perpetuum ducant orbem: hoc a cardine rerum
Paulatim incipiant magni procedere menſes:
Atque his flava Ceres, his formoſiſſima Flora
Aſpiret; ſurgatque novo gens aurea ſeculo.
Immunis belli, dextraeque innixa Wilhelmi
Terra Britanna ſui ſedeat; ſpectetque ruinas,
Et cladem, et lachrymas, quarum pars nulla futura eſt,
Externas; iraeque hominum miſeretur inanis.
Illa inter motas fatum immutabile gentes
Diſpenſet; vincantque illae quas vincere mavult:
Sic noto celſos tuti ſub matribus agni
Balatu implebunt colles: ſic vallibus imis,
Irriguos amnes inter, ſeges aurea in altum
Surget; et ipſa ſuas mirabitur Anglia meſſes:
Delicias diva aeternas dum pectore pleno
Fundet; et ambroſios ſpirabit vertice odores.
Aulai antiquae caecis exorta ruinis
(Qua *turres albas*, veterum penetralia regum
Wolſei fabricata manu, Henricique labores,
Cernere erat) juvenile caput Phoenicis ad inſtar
Regia ſublimis tollat, melioribus, oro,
Auſpiciis; et quae fuerit minus obvia flammis.
Alta, auguſta, ingens, dominoque ſimillima magno,
Pandat ſe veneranda domus: captiva columnae
Arma ferant ſacrae, belli monumenta cruenti,
Spiculaque, clypeoſque, atque horrida ſanguine ſigna:
Stabunt et Parii lapides, mediuſque Wilhelmus
En ſpirans: humeruſque recens a vulnere vivis.
Rorabit guttis: metuens pro vindice mundi
A tergo apparet *Genius*, capitique minacem
Avertit mortem: jacet illa innoxia, inermis
(Nam ſic conſuluit Jovis indulgentia terris)

Intrepidi ante pedes herois. tu quoque magnam
Partem opere in tanto, viridi Bovinda reclinans
Lecto, habeas, imo ſenior de gurgite viſus
Lauriferum quaſſare caput: ſaxum evomit undas;
Aeternique cadunt caeſo de marmore rivi.

Tuque O! quae famae ſervas monumenta Britannae,
Regis opus, regumque decus, cape dona tuorum,
Inclyta Winſoriae turris. tu ſtelliſer aether,
Signa geris, quibus ipſe ſuum et delecta ſuorum
Pectora diſtinguit, diviſque accedere juſſit
Naſſovius, proprioque pater decoravit honore.

Tu circum Ormondi robuſtum myſtica nectens
Vinc'la genu, potuiſti equitem ſocium addere regi:
Redditus his victor terris, ſpoliiſque potitus,
Suppliciter venerans divi ſub Militis aram
Vota facit: veterum juxta decora alta parentum,
Botleros inter, victriciaque arma Bohuni,
Ipſe ſuum clypeum, ſuaque aemula ſigna ſuperbis
Poſtibus aptavit, tanti non immemor haeres
Nominis aut proavûm dubitans extendere famam;
Utcunque illa novi ſecum grave pondus honoris
Attulit Offoridae mater Naſſovia genti.

Sacvilli tu, diva, latus, tu lumine pectus
Sanctum ornas, ubi dulcis honos, ubi mille placendi
Conjurant artes; labor unus et una voluptas,
Tollere depreſſos, et ſuſtentare jacentes.
Hos brevis informet fragilis dum ſpiritus artus,
Indictus nunquam noſtris Sacvillus abibit
Carminibus; nunquam labetur pectore chari
Officium capitis: munus quia maximus ille
Confert; collatique olim meminiſſe recuſat.

Jura fidemque patrum, libertatemque Cavendos

Asserere audentes, tuus amplo vestit honore,
Diva, favor: stabit longum fortuna per aevum
Alta domus; patrioque nitebunt sydere nati.
Per te Sanctmauri, per te Talbotia proles,
Felices ambo, vestigia magna parentum
Ambo lustrantes, saxum hoc immobile dum tu
Serves, nomina erunt. Tuque, O pars maxima musae,
O decus, O nostrum, cui pulchro in corpore virtus
Emicat, et sincera fides, et gratia morum,
Has Jersaee, (preces valeant si vatis amici,
Si deus hoc carmen, deus hoc inspiret Apollo)
Has tanges aras; hinc cingula sacra decoro
Aptabis lateri, veterisque insignia famae
Villeriis sueta, et tibi non indebita sumes.
Artibus intentum melior tum cura vocabit
Heroa Angliacum, mirantem Annalibus orbem
Exornare suis, seroque docere nepotes
Imperii arcana, et magna exemplaria belli.
Hinc, ut virtutem dociles, verumque laborem
Cognoscant, laudisque animi accendantur amore;
Regis ad exemplum portis se prima juventus
Effundens, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent;
Per saltus, gelidumque nemus, praeruptaque saxa,
Nunc cervos turbabit agens; nunc ardua in armis,
Et vigil ad vocem, qua fictum buccina signum
Bellica dat, grave martis opus, sub imagine lusûs.
Paulatim ex tanto assuescat tolerare magistro:
Et nunc altus eques spatiis magna atria circum
Curvatis fertur; luctantia nunc premit ora
Bellatoris equi; nunc torto verbere pronus
Dat lora, et medio fervens in pulvere, strictum
Aut ensem quatit, aut certam jacit impiger hastam.

Pacis amans, ſtudiiſque favens, ſocia agmina jungat
Sancta corona ſenum, exemplis monitura minores,
Qui virtutis honos, et quid ſapientia poſſit.
Hos rerum juvet obſcuros penetrare receſſus,
Et varias cauſas, naturae arcana modeſtae,
Indiciis aperire novis clariſque repertis.
Illos degeneri audentes ſuccurrere ſeclo,
Cura gravis maneat morum, et labor Hercule dignus,
Exonerare repletum immunda ſorde theatrum.
Sermones alii patrios, incertaque verba
Ad leges fixas revocent, venereſque decoras;
Ut late Angliacis, inſtructa annalibus orbis
Gaudeat, et noſtram reſonet gens ſingula linguam,
Vindicis ante pedes quaecunque effuſa Britanni,
Miſerat aut oppreſſa preces, aut libera grates.
Neglectum in primis carmen, *Muſamque* jacentem
Tollat amica manus: nam reſpondere labori
Muſa pio novit, regiſque rependere amores.
Illa patrum cineres ſanctos, venerandaque buſta
Vulgari ſecernit humo, famamque ſilenti
Vindicat a tumulo: per *Muſam* notus Ulyſſes
Spirat adhuc; coramque virum jam cernere fas eſt:
Muſae Agamemnonias palmas, ſemperque recentes
Conſervare datur lauros: eadem illa Wilhelmi
(Cum ſtatuae, ſolidoque arcus de marmore ficti
Deficient) longo nomen ſacrum afferet aevo.
Haud vero par officium, parteſque premamus
Ingrati alternas; cum nil ſine Caeſare pulchrum,
Nil altum *Muſae* labor inchoat; altera junctam
Alterius ſic poſcit opem, et conjurat amice.
Igneus hinc numeris vigor, et coeleſtis origo;
Hinc effulgentes aeterna luce Camoenae,

Informi cedente ſitu, tenebriſque fugatis,
Invida ſqualentis vincent oblivia noctis.
Securos Britonum commercia libera portus
Omni ex parti petent; totum demiſſa per orbem
Pulchrior hinc Argo, meliori et vellere dives
Annua dona feret; ſpoliiſque redibit onuſta,
Indiam in Europam portans, gazamque nitentem,
Quae diffuſa jacet, qua ſol utrumque recurrens
Aſpicit oceanum. quaſcunque Britannica pinus
Ingreditur ſublimis aquas, ſubmittat honores
Navita quiſque ſuos: puppeſque inſigne ſuperbum
Inclinent, faſſae, quem Tethys omnibus undis
Elegit, dominum; quem vaſto immobile fatum
Deſtinat imperio, terraque marique potentem.
Audivere preces divi: jamque Anglica claſſis,
Qua dabit aura viam, tutum per aperta profundi
Curret iter, nova regna petens, nova littora viſens,
Ignotumque ſuis mittens ſub legibus orbem.
Alter tum Ganges, atque altera quae feret aurum
India Naſſovio cedet: populique feroces
Arma, artes, moreſque ſcient, nomenque Wilhelmi.
Suppliciter venerans, demiſſo lumine ſtabit
Agmen agreſte virûm; miramque loquentis ab ore
Hiſtoriam eripiens, nunc fama et fata Wilhelmi,
Vulnera, ſudorem, palmaſque, peric'laque diſcet,
Quae quibus anteferat dubitans; nunc quantus in armis,
Qualis in hoſte fuit, quos bello et pace triumphos
Erexit: matres, ut coelo decidit heros,
Tum natis referent: et vox, quam proferet infans
Prima, Wilhelmus erit: tenebris inhoneſta tyranni
Indecores capita abſcondent, tum dira ſuorum
Supplicia, indignos gemitus, juſtaſque querelas

Ferre indignantes; cum conſcia fama, pudorque
Provocat ad meliora animos, cum bella Wilhelmi
Bella quaterdenos laeſis pro gentibus annos
Confecta audierint, tandemque ſilentibus armis,
(Majus opus) partos felici pace triumphos.
Non dehinc hos miſeros myſteria dira docebit
Barbara relligio: nulla horrida numina finget
Vana ſuperſtitio, divumque immania monſtra;
Naſſovii virtus cum ſe mirantibus offert,
Praeſentem confeſſa deum; cum ſigna decoris
Divini, aeternaeque patent veſtigia mentis
Herois deſcripta animis, et vindice dextra.
Scilicet horrendi juſta ſine lege cometae
Incertam lucem quatiunt, et crine minaces
Sanguineo lugubre rubent, triſteſque trementi
Indicunt iras orbi; niſi publica vota
Avertant laevum miſeris mortalibus omen.
At vero juſtis mundum qui temperat horis,
Vera Jovis proles, coelo puriſſimus ignis,
Non errore vago, caecaque libidine fertur;
Certus iter fixum peragit: curſuſque diurnos
Obſervant homines, et ſanctum ſydus adorant.
O Jane, O! divûm ſi flectere fata liceret;
Si parcae Anglorum precibus miteſcere ſcirent;
Sol iſte ante ſuum ceſſaret currere coelum,
Quam Rex Naſſovius terrae ſe ſubtrahet orbae
Addendus ſuperis: ſed inexorabile numen
Omne premit mortale: aderit, volventibus annis,
Dira futura dies, et ineluctabile tempus,
Cum pars ſemidei moeſto materna ſepulchro
Condetur; dominiſque ſuis plorabitur abſens.
At vos, O divi, ſi quid pia vota valebunt,

Vos precor, aeterni, quorum haec sub numine tellus,
Tuque, O sancte, tuis, bifrons, coelestia firma
Pectora consiliis; sociique per aethera divi,
Dic, in amicitiam coeant, tecumque Britannum
Conjurent servare domum: communibus omnium
Orati precibus, magno procul omine tristem,
Dii, removete diem; multosque benignius annos
Accumulate sacro capiti: da, Jane, senectam
Immunem curis, placidaque quiete potitam:
Sat bello Europaeque datum est: satis arma juventus
Sensit: et ingentes testatur terra triumphos.
Canitiem novus ornet honos; dum tempora circum
Victrices inter lauros assurgat oliva.

En! hujus, Jane, auspiciis nascentia longum
Sec'la habeant omen pacis; laetique nepotes
Seros jucundis agitent sub legibus annos;
Ante ferat quam coelo animam Jovis armiger alto,
Nobile onus, patrioque heros poscatur Olympo;
Ambo ubi Ledaei, ceu qui pedes ibat in hostem,
Ceu luctantis equi spumantia qui regit ora;
Magnus ubi Alcides fato, et Junonis iniquae
Saevis ereptus jussis; ubi grande Maronis
Argumentum, auctor Latii, regnique Britanni,
Otia agunt: ubi tot radiantia nomina toto
Aethere nota satis, quos omnes aequus amavit
Jupiter, et meritis homines donavimus aris:
Sero, Jane pater, coelo decus adde patenti
Nassovium sydus, quod amica luce cornscum
Fulgeat, et dubiis ostendat littora nautis.

AN ODE.

Inscribed to the memory of the Honourable Colonel GEORGE VILLIERS, *drowned in the river* PIAVA, *in the country of* FRIULI, 1703. *In imitation of* HORACE, Ode 28. Lib. 1.

Te maris et terrae numeroque carentis arenae
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta, &c.

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend,
(Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end)
Say, what did all thy busie hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didst sail;
Ere on thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years?
To wake ere morning-dawn to loud alarms,
And march 'till close of night in heavy arms;
To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,
And search thro' ev'ry clime thy country's foes?
That thou might fortune to thy side engage;
That gentle peace might quell Bellona's rage;
And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age?
In vain we think that free-will'd man has pow'r
To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our birth our funeral was decreed.

Nor aw'd by foreſight, nor miſ-led by chance,
Imperious death directs his ebon lance;
Peoples great Henry's tombs; and leads up Holben's dance.

Alike muſt ev'ry ſtate, and ev'ry age
Suſtain the univerſal tyrant's rage:
For neither William's pow'r, nor Mary's charms
Could or repel, or pacify his arms:
Young Churchhill fell, as life began to bloom:
And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb.
Wiſdom and eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's reſpite for the learned head:
Judges of writings and of men have dy'd;
Mecaenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde:
And in their various turns the ſons muſt tread
Thoſe gloomy journeys, which their ſires have led.

The ancient ſage, who did ſo long maintain,
That bodies die, but ſouls return again,
With all the births and deaths he had in ſtore,
Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
And modern Af——l, whoſe capricious thought
Is yet with ſtores of wilder notions fraught,
Too ſoon convinc'd, ſhall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd ſo idly with the darts of death.

Some from the ſtranded veſſel force their way;
Fearful of fate, they meet it in the ſea:
Some who eſcape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and ſink into a grave:
In journeys, or at home, in war or peace,
By hardſhips many, many fall by eaſe.
Each changing ſeaſon does its poiſon bring;
Rheums chill the winter, agues blaſt the ſpring:

Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act ſubſervient to the tyrant's pow'r:
And when obedient nature knows his will,
A fly, a grapeſtone, or a hair can kill.
For reſtleſs Proſerpine for ever treads
In paths unſeen, o'er our devoted heads;
And on the ſpacious land, and liquid main
Spreads ſlow diſeaſe, or darts afflictive pain:
Variety of deaths confirm her endleſs reign.
On curſt Piava's banks the goddeſs ſtood,
Show'd her dire warrant to the riſing flood;
When what I long muſt love, and long muſt mourn:
With fatal ſpeed was urging his return;
In his dear country, to diſperſe his care,
And arm himſelf by reſt for future war:
To chide his anxious friends officious fears,
And promiſe to their joys his elder years.
Oh! deſtin'd head; and oh! ſevere decree;
Nor native country thou, nor friend ſhall ſee;
Nor war haſt thou to wage, nor year to come:
Impending death is thine, and inſtant doom.
Hark! the imperious goddeſs is obey'd:
Winds murmur; ſnows deſcend; and waters ſpread:
Oh! kinſman, friend—Oh! vain are all the cries
Of human voice; ſtrong deſtiny replies;
Weep you on earth: for he ſhall ſleep below:
Thence none return; and thither all muſt go.
Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or buſineſs leads
To this ſad river, or the neighb'ring meads;
If thou may'ſt happen on the dreary ſhores
To find the object which this verſe deplores;

Cleanſe the pale corps with a religious hand
From the polluting weed and common ſand;
Lay the dead heroe graceful in a grave;
(The only honour he can now receive)
And fragrant mould upon his body throw:
And plant the warrior lawrel o'er his brow:
Light lie the earth; and flouriſh green the bough.
So may juſt Heav'n ſecure thy future life
From foreign dangers, and domeſtic ſtrife:
And when th' infernal judges diſmal pow'r
From the dark urn ſhall throw thy deſtin'd hour;
When yielding to the ſentence, breathleſs thou
And pale ſhalt lie, as what thou burieſt now;
May ſome kind friend the piteous object ſee,
And equal rites perform, to that which once was thee.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at Court before the QUEEN, *on her Majeſty's Birth-day*, 1704.

SHINE forth, ye planets, with diſtinguiſh'd light,
As when ye hallow'd firſt this happy night:
Again tranſmit your friendly beams to earth:
As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth:
And thou, propitious ſtar, whoſe ſacred pow'r
Preſided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but Cynthia, and the ſun:
With thy fair aſpect ſtill illuſtrate heav'n:
Kindly preſerve what thou haſt greatly giv'n:

Thy influence for thy Anna we implore:
Prolong one life; and Britain asks no more:
For virtue can no ampler power express,
Than to be great in war, and good in peace:
For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame,
Than to enjoy that virtue *still the same*.
Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove
Who founds her greatness on her subjects love;
Who does our homage for our good require;
And orders that which we should first desire:
Our vanquish'd wills that pleasing force obey:
Her goodness takes our liberty away:
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.
Let the young Austrian then her terrors bear,
Great as he is, her delegate in war:
Let him in thunder speak to both his Spains,
That in these dreadful isles a woman reigns.
While the bright Queen does on her subjects show'r
The gentle blessings of her softer pow'r;
Gives sacred morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the stage;
Bids the chaste muse without a blush appear;
And wit be that which Heav'n and she may hear.
Minerva thus to Perseus lent her shield;
Secure of conquest, sent him to the field:
The heroe acted what the Queen ordain'd:
So was his fame compleat, and Andromede unchain'd.
Mean time amidst her native temples sate
The goddess, studious of her Grecian's fate,
Taught 'em in laws and letters so to excell,
In acting justly, and in writing well.

Thus whilst she did her various pow'r dispose;
The world was free from tyrants, wars, and woes:
Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory rose.

A Letter to Monsieur Boileau Despreaux; *occasioned by the victory at* Blenheim, 1704.

——Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Desiciunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos——

Hor. Sat. 1. L. 2.

SINCE hir'd for life, thy servile muse must sing
Successive conquests, and a glorious king;
Must of a man immortal vainly boast;
And bring him lawrels, whatsoe'er they cost:
What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
On the event of that superior day,
In which one English subject's prosp'rous hand
(So Jove did will; so Anna did command:)
Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise?
From the lost field a hundred standards brought
Must be the work of chance, and fortune's fault:
Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone,
That fatal day the mighty work was done,
With rays oblique upon the Gallic sun.
Some *Daemon* envying France misled the fight:
And Mars mistook, tho' Louis order'd right.

When thy * young muſe invok'd the tuneful nine,
To ſay how Louis did not paſs the Rhine,
What work had we with Wageninghen, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhime?
And tho' the poet made his laſt efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?
But, tell me, haſt thou reaſon to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the laſt campaign;
The Danube reſcu'd, and the empire ſav'd,
Say, is the majeſty of verſe retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy ſofter vein,
To ſing the Princes, Louis and Eugene?
Is it too hard in happy verſe to place
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maes?
Her warriors Anna ſends from Tweed and Thames,
That France may fall by more harmonious names.
Canſt thou not Hamilton or Lumly bear!
Would Ingoldſby or Palmes offend thy ear?
And is there not a ſound in Marlbro's name,
Which thou, and all thy brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to verſe, and ſure of endleſs fame?

Cutts is in metre ſomething harſh to read:
Place me the valiant Gouram in his ſtead:
Let the intention make the number good:
Let generous Sylvius ſpeak for honeſt Wood.
And tho' rough Churchhill ſcarce in verſe will ſtand,
So as to have one rhime at his command:
With eaſe the bard reciting Blenheim's plain,
May cloſe the verſe, remembring but the Dane.

* Epiſtre 4. du Sr. Boileau Deſpreaux au Roy.
En vain, pour te louer, &c.

I grant, old friend, old foe, (for such we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war)
That we poetic folks, who must restrain
Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to those,
Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.
For instance now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verse agree?
"In one great day on Hochstet's fatal plain
"French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain;
"Push'd thro' the Danube to the shoars of Styx
"Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty six:
"Officers captive made and private men,
"Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten.
"Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,
"Cannon, and kettle-drums"—sweet numbers these.
But is it thus you English bards compose?
With Runic lays thus tag insipid prose?
And when you should your heroes deeds rehearse,
Give us a commissary's list in verse?
Why faith Despreaux, there's sense in what you say:
I told you where my difficulty lay:
So vast, so numerous were great Blenheim's spoils,
They scorn the bounds of verse, and mock the muse's toils.
To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the sum of Gallia's loss to rhime,
'Tis mighty hard: what poet would essay
To count the streamers of my lord mayor's-day?
To number all the several dishes drest
By honest Lamb, last coronation feast?
Or make arithmetic and epic meet,
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's stile repeat?

O poet, had it been Apollo's will,
That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill;
Had this poor breast receiv'd the heav'nly beam;
Or could I hope my verse might reach my theam;
Yet, Boileau, yet the lab'ring muse should strive,
Beneath the shades of Marlbro's wreaths to live;
Should call aspiring gods to bless her choice;
And to their fav'rites strain exalt her voice,
Arms and a Queen to sing; who, great and good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wond'ring flood
Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
To save the nations from invading hands,
To prop fair liberty's declining cause,
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.
The Queen should sit in Windsor's sacred grove,
Attended by the gods of war and love;
Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore,
To fix her joys, or to extend her pow'r.
Sudden, the *Nymphs* and *Tritons* should appear;
And as great Anna's smiles dispel their fear,
With active dance should her observance claim;
With vocal shell should sound her happy name,
Their master Thames should leave the neighb'ring shoar,
By his strong anchor known, and silver oar;
Should lay his ensigns at his sovereign's feet,
And audience mild with humble grace intreat,
To her his dear defence he should complain,
That whilst he blesses her indulgent reign;
Whilst furthest seas are by his fleets survey'd,
And on his happy banks each India laid;
His brethren Maes, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar
Feel the hard burthen of oppressive war;

That Danube ſcarce retains his rightful courſe
Againſt two rebel armies neighb'ring force:
And all muſt weep ſad captives to the Sein,
Unleſs unchain'd and freed by Britain's Queen.
The valiant ſov'reign calls her gen'ral forth;
Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth:
She tells him, he muſt Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her eſteem:
She bids him wait her to the ſacred hall;
Shows him Prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul;
Fixing the bloody croſs upon his breaſt,
Says, he muſt die, or ſuccour the diſtreſs'd:
Placing the ſaint an emblem by his ſide,
She tells him, virtue arm'd muſt conquer lawleſs pride.
The hero bows obedient, and retires:
The Queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires.
His ſteps are to the ſilent woods inclin'd,
The great deſign revolving in his mind:
When to his ſight a heav'nly form appears:
Her hand a palm, her head a lawrel wears.
Me, ſhe begins, the faireſt child of Jove,
Below for ever ſought, and bleſs'd above;
Me, the bright ſource of wealth, and power and fame;
(Nor need I ſay, Victoria is my name)
Me the great father down to thee has ſent:
He bids me wait at thy diſtinguiſh'd tent,
To execute what Anna's wiſh would have:
Her ſubject thou, I only am her ſlave.
Dare then; thou much belov'd by ſmiling fate;
For Anna's ſake, and in her name, be great:
Go forth, and be to diſtant nations known,
My future fav'rite, and my darling ſon.

At Schellenberg I'll manifeſt ſuſtain
Thy glorious cauſe; and ſpread my wings again,
Conſpicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain.
The goddeſs ſaid, nor would admit reply;
But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the ſky.
His high commiſſion is thro' Britain known:
And thronging armies to his ſtandard run,
He marches thoughtful; and he ſpeedy ſails:
(Bleſs him, ye ſeas! and proſper him ye gales!)
Belgia receives him welcome to her ſhores,
And William's death with leſſen'd grief deplores.
His preſence only muſt retrieve that loſs:
Marlbro to her muſt be what William was.
So when great Atlas, from theſe low abodes
Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred-gods;
Alcides reſpited by prudent fate,
Suſtain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.
Secret and ſwift behold the chief advance;
Sees half the empire join'd, and friend to France:
The Britiſh general dooms the fight; his ſword
Dreadful he draws: the captains wait the word.
Anne and St. George the charging hero cries:
Shrill echo from the neighb'ring wood replies
Anne and St. George——At that auſpicious ſign
The ſtandards move; the adverſe armies join,
Of eight great hours, time meaſures out the ſands;
And Europe's fate in doubtful balance ſtands:
The ninth, Victoria comes:—o'er Marlbro's head
Confeſs'd ſhe ſits; the hoſtile troops recede:—
Triumphs the Goddeſs, from her promiſe freed.
The eagle, by the Britiſh lion's might
Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight:

Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar
From Tyber's banks, than now from Danube's shoar.
Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
And great ambition of my country's praise;
The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise,
Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies,
With wonder (tho' with envy still) pursu'd by human eyes.
But we must change the style—just now I said,
I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade.
Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
In prose and business lies extinct and lost.
Bless'd, if I may some younger muse excite;
Point out the game, and animate the flight;
That from Marseilles to Calais France may know,
As we have conqu'rors, we have poets too;
And either lawrel does in Britain grow!
That, tho' amongst ourselves, with too much heat,
We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate;
(A consequential ill which freedom draws;
A bad effect, but from a noble cause)
We can with universal zeal advance,
To curb the faithless arrogance of France.
Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse
To answer to thy master or thy muse;
Nor want just subject for victorious strains;
While Marlbro's arm eternal lawrel gains;
And where old Spencer sung, a new Eliza reigns.

For the PLAN *of a* FOUNTAIN, *on which is the effigies of the* QUEEN *on a triumphal arch, the figure of the* DUKE *of* MARLBOROUGH *beneath, and the chief rivers of the world round the whole work.*

YE active ſtreams, where-e'er your waters flow,
Let diſtant climes and furtheſt nations know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlbro fought.

" Quacunque aeterno properatis, flumina, lapſu,
" Diviſis late terris, populiſque remotis
" Dicite, nam vobis Tamiſis narravit et Iſter,
" Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis."

THE CHAMELEON.

AS the Chameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbours hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And ſtruts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon ſight;
As if the rain-bow were in tail
Settl'd on him, and his heirs male;
So the young 'Squire, when firſt he comes
From country ſchool to Will's or Tom's:
And equally, in truth is fit
To be a ſtateſman or a wit;

Without one notion of his own,
He ſanters wildly up and down,
'Till ſome acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a ſtaring lad;
Admits him in among the gang:
They jeſt, reply, diſpute, harangue:
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours, which they lend him.
Thus merely, as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.
If haply he the ſect purſues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their myſterious face:
He drinks his coffee without lace:
This week his mimic-tongue runs o'er
What they have ſaid the week before.
His wiſdom ſets all Europe right;
And teaches Marlbro when to fight.
Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit;
He loves cheap Port, and double bub;
And ſettles in the Hum-Drum club:
He learns how ſtocks will fall or riſe;
Holds poverty the greateſt vice;
Thinks wit the bane of converſation;
And ſays that learning ſpoils a nation.
But if, at firſt, he minds his hits,
And drinks Champaine among the wits;
Five deep he toaſts the tow'ring laſſes;
Repeats you verſes wrote on glaſſes;
Is in the chair; preſcribes the law;
And lies with thoſe he never ſaw.

MERRY ANDREW.

SLY Merry Andrew, the laſt Southwark fair
(At Barthol'mew he did not much appear;
So peeviſh was the edict of the may'r)
At Southwark therefore as his tricks he ſhow'd,
To pleaſe our maſters, and his friends the croud;
A huge neats-tongue he in his right hand held:
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clowniſh mimic traverſes the ſtage:
Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll,
To day's conceit, methinks, is ſomething dull:
Come on, Sir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worſhip mean?
Quoth Andrew; Honeſt Engliſh let us ſpeak:
Your emble— (what d'ye call't) is heathen Greek;
To tongue or pudding thou haſt no pretence:
Learning thy talent is, but mine is ſenſe.
That buſie fool I was, which thou art now;
Deſirous to correct, not knowing how;
With very good deſign, but little wit,
Blaming or praiſing things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct had what I deſerv'd;
And dealing honeſtly, was almoſt ſtarv'd.
But thanks to my indulgent ſtars, I eat;
Since I have found the ſecret to be great.
O deareſt Andrew, ſays the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou controll;
Provided thou impart thy uſeful ſkill.
Bow then, ſays Andrew; and, for once, I will

Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he ſays;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk leſs:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
But eat your pudding, ſlave; and hold your tongue.
A rev'rend prelate ſtopt his coach and ſix,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
But when he heard him give this golden rule;
Drive on; (he cry'd,) this fellow is no fool.

A SIMILE.

DEAR Thomas, didſt thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's ſhop?
There, Thomas, didſt thou never ſee
('Tis but by way of ſimile)
A *Squirrel* ſpend his little rage,
In jumping round a rowling cage?
The cage, as either ſide turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells a-top——
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The fooliſh creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with thoſe merry blades,
That friſk it under Pindus' ſhades.
In noble ſongs, and lofty odes,
They tread on ſtars, and talk with gods.
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verſes ſound,
Brought back, how faſt ſoe'er they go,
Always aſpiring, always low.

THE FLIES.

SAY, sire of insects, mighty Sol,
(A fly upon the chariot-pole
Cries out) what blue bottle alive
Did ever with such fury drive?
Tell Belzebub, great father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel)
Did ever any mortal fly
Raise such a cloud of dust, as I?
My judgment turn'd the whole debate:
My valour sav'd the sinking state.
So talk two idle buzzing things;
Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings.
But let the truth to light be brought:
This neither spoke, nor t'other fought:
Nor merit in their own behav'our:
Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

From the GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire
By native heat asserts his dreadful sire.
Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
He to the nymphs avows his am'rous flames.
To all the breth'ren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral says; mix water with your wine.

EPIGRAM.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats:
He eats more than six; and drinks more than he eats.
Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes;
And seasons his whifs with impertinent jokes.
Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break;
And my cruel unkindness compells him to speak:
For of late I invite him,—but four times a week.

ANOTHER.

TO John I ow'd great obligation;
But John, unhappily, thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

YES, every poet is a fool:
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

THY nags (the leaneſt things alive)
So very hard thou lov'ſt to drive;
I heard thy anxious coach-man ſay,
It coſts thee more in whips, than hay.

To a perſon who wrote ill, and ſpake worſe againſt me.

LYE, Philo, untouch'd on my peaceable ſhelf;
Nor take it amiſs, that ſo little I heed thee:
I've no envy to thee, and ſome love to myſelf: [thee?
Then why ſhou'd I anſwer; ſince firſt I muſt read
Drunk with Helicon's waters and double brew'd bub,
Be a linguiſt, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the ſolid delight of thy well-judging club,
To the damage alone of thy bookſeller Brag.
Purſue me with ſatyr; what harm is there in't?
But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou ſhalt print:
There may be a little from what thou may'ſt ſwear.

On the ſame perſon.

WHILE faſter than his coſtive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes;
His caſe appears to me like honeſt Teague's,
When he was run away with, by his legs.
Phoebus, give Philo o'er himſelf command;
Quicken his ſenſes, or reſtrain his hand;
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So may he ceaſe to write, and learn to think.

Quid ſit futurum cras fuge quaerere.

FOR what to-morrow ſhall diſcloſe,
May ſpoil what you to-night propoſe:
England may change; or Cloe ſtray:
Love and life are for to-day.

The NUT-BROWN MAID.

A POEM, *written three hundred years ſince.*

BE it right or wrong, theſe men among
On women do complayne;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour ſpent in vaine,
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man againe.
For lete a man do what he can,
Ther favour to attayne;
Yet yf a new do them purſue,
Ther furſt trew lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
He is a baniſh'd man.
I ſay not nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and ſayde,
That woman's fayth is, as who ſaythe,
All utterly decayed.
But nevertheleſs right good witneſs
I' this caſe might be layde,
That they love trewe, and contynewe,
Record *the Nut-brown Mayde.*
Which from her love (whan her to prove,
He came to make his mone)
Wold not depart; for in her herte
She lovyd but him alone.

Than betwene us, lettens diſcuſſe,
What was all the maner

Between them too: we wyle alſo
Telle all the peyne and fere
That ſhe was in. Now I begynne,
So that ye me anſwere.
Wherefore all ye, that preſent be,
I pray ye give an eare.

MAN.

I am the knyght: I come by nyght,
As ſecret as I can;
Saying, alas! thus ſtandeth the caſe,
I am a baniſhyd man.

WOMAN.

And I your wylle for to fulfylle
In this wyl not refuſe;
Truſting to ſhew, in wordis fewe,
That men have an ille uſe,
(To ther own ſhame) women to blame,
And cauſeleſs them accuſe:
Therefore to you I anſwere now,
Alle women to excuſe:
M'yn own herte dere, with you what chere,
I pray you telle anone;
For in my mynd, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

It ſtondeth ſo; a dede is do,
Wherefore moche harm ſhall growe:
My deſteny is for to dey
A ſhameful deth, I trowe:
Or ellis to flee: the one muſt be:
None other way I knowe.

But to withdrawe, as an outlaw,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherefore adew, my own herte trewe:
None other red I can;
For I muſt to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd man.

WOMAN.

O Lord! what is this worldis blyſſe,
That chaungeth as the mone?
My ſomers day, in luſty May,
Is derked before the none.
I here you ſay, farwell: nay, nay;
We departe not ſoo ſone:
Why ſay ye ſo? wheder wyl ye goe?
Alas! what have ye done?
Alle my welfare to ſorrow and care
Shulde chaunge, if ye were gon;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

I can beleve, it ſhall you greeve,
And ſhomwhat you diſtrayne;
But aftyrwarde your paynes harde,
Within a day or tweyne,
Shal ſone aſlake; and ye ſhal take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why ſhould ye nought? for to make thought,
Your labur were in vayne,
And thus I do, and pray you too,
As hertely as I can;
For I muſt to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd man.

WOMAN.

Now ſyth that ye have ſhewed to me
The ſecret of your mynde;
I ſhal be playne to you againe,
Like as ye ſhal me fynde.
Syth it is ſo, that ye wyll goe,
I wol not leve behynde:
Shal never be ſayd, *the Nut-brown Mayde*
Was to her love unkynd.
Make you redy; for ſo am I,
Although it were anone:
For in my mynd, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

Yet I you rede, to take good hede,
What men wyl think and ſey;
Of yonge and olde it ſhal be tolde,
That ye be gone away:
Your wanton wylle, for to fulfylle,
In grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyte
Noo lenger make delay.
Rather than ye ſhould thus for me,
Be called an ylle woman;
Yet wold I to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd man.

WOMAN.

Though it be ſonge, of old and yonge,
That I ſhuld be to blame;
Theirs be the charge, that ſpeke ſo large,
In hurting of my name.

For I wyl prove, that feythful love
It is devoyd of ſhame;
In your diſtreſs and heavyneſs,
To part wyth you the ſame.
And ſure all thoo that doo not ſo,
Trewe lovers ar they none:
But in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

I counſel you, remember how,
It is no mayden's lawe,
Nothing to dought, but to renne out
To wode with an outlawe,
For ye muſt there, in your hand bere
A bowe ready to drawe:
And as a theef, thus muſt ye lyve,
Ever in drede and awe.
Whereby to you gret harme may growe;
Yet I had lever than,
That I had to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd man.

WOMAN.

I think not nay; but as ye ſaye,
It is noo mayden's lore;
But love may make me for your ſake,
As I have ſaid before,
To come on fote, to hunte and ſhote,
To get us mete in ſtore.
For ſo that I your company
May have, I aſk no more:
From which to parte, it makith myn herte
As colde as any ſton.

For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe,
That men hym take and binde,
Wythout pytee hanged to bee,
And waver with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede,
What reſons coude ye finde?
For ſothe I trowe, ye and your bowe
Shuld draw for fere behynde.
And no mervyle; for lytel avayle
Were in your council than:
Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd man.

WOMAN.

Full well knowe ye, that wymen be
But febyl for to fyght:
Noo womanhede it is in deede,
To be bold as a knyght.
Yet in ſuch fere yf that ye were,
With enemys day and nyght;
I wolde withſtonde, with bow in honde,
To greve them as I myght:
And you to ſave, as wymen have
From dethe many one:
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

Yet take good hede! for ever I drede,
That ye coude not ſuſtein

The thorney weyes, the depe valeis,
The snow, the frost, the reyn,
The cold, the hete. For drye or wete,
We must lodge on the playn;
And us above, noon other rofe,
But a brake, bush, or twayne,
Whiche sone should greve you, I beleve;
And ye wolde gladely than,
That I had to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a banishyd man.

WOMAN.

Syth I have here been partynere
With you of joy and blysse;
I must also, parte of your woo
Endure, as reson is.
Yet am I sure of one plesure;
And, shortly, it is this:
That where ye bee, me seemeth, par-dy
I could not fare amyss.
Without more speche, I you beseche,
That we were soon a-gone:
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must consider,
Whan ye have lust to dyne,
There shal no mete be for to gete,
Nor drink, bere, ale, ne wine;
Ne shetis clene, to lye betwene,
Made of thred and twyne;
Noon other house, but levys and bowes,
To kever your head and myn.

O myn herte ſwete, this ylle dyet
Shuld make you pale and wan:
Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd man.

WOMAN.

Among the wyld dere, ſuch an archier,
As men ſay that ye bee,
We may not fayle of good vitayle,
Where is ſo grete plente.
And watir clere of the ryvere
Shal be full ſwete to me;
With which in hele, I ſhal right wele
Endure, as ye ſhal ſee,
And er we goe, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde
I love but you alone.

MAN.

Loo! yet before, ye muſt do more,
If ye wyl go with me:
As cutte your here, up by your ere,
Your kurtel by the knee.
Wyth bowe in honde, for to wythſtonde
Your enemys, yf nede be:
And this ſame nyght, before day-lyght,
To wode-ward wyl I flee.
And yf ye wille all this fulfylle,
Do it ſhortly as ye can:
Ellis wil I to the grene wode goe,
Alone, a baniſhyd man.

WOMAN.

I ſhall as now do more for you,
Than longeth to womanhede,

To short my here, a bow to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede:
O my sweet moder, before all other,
For you have I most drede:
But now adieu I must ensue,
Where fortune duth me lede.
All this make ye, and lete us flee:
The day run fast upon:
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

Nay, nay, not so: ye shal not go:
And I shal tell ye why:
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I wele espie.
For right as ye have sayde to me,
In lykewyse hardely
Ye wolde answere, whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is sayd of olde; sone hote, sone colde;
And so is a woman:
Wherefore I to the wode wyl goe,
Alone, a banished man.

WOMAN.

Yf ye take hede, yt is noo nede
Such wordis to say bee me:
For ofte ye prey'd, and longe assayed,
Er I you lovid, par-dy.
And though that I of aunceſtry
A baron's daughter bee;
Yet have you proved, how I you loved,
A squyer of low degree;

And ever ſhal, what ſo befalle,
To dey therefore anone;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

A baron's childe to be begyled,
It were a curſed dede:
To be felaw with an outlawe,
Almighty God forbede!
It better were, the pore ſquyer
Alone to forreſt ſpede;
Than ye ſhal ſaye, another daye,
That by that wicked dede
Ye were betrayed. Wherefore, good maide,
The beſt rede that I can,
Is that I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a baniſhyd man.

WOMAN.

Whatſoever befalle, I never ſhalle
Of this thing you upbraid:
But yf ye go, and leave me ſo,
Then have ye me betraid.
Remember ye wele, how that ye dele;
For yf ye, as ye ſayde,
Be ſo unkynde, to leve behynde
Your love, *the Nut-brown Maide:*
Truſt me truely, that I ſhal dey
Sone after ye be gone;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

Yf that ye went, ye ſhulde repent;
For in the forreſt now

I have purveid me of a maide,
Whom I love more than you.
Another fayrer than e'er ye were;
I dare it well avowe:
And of you bothe, eche ſhulde be wrothe
Wyth other, as I trowe.
It were myn eſe, to lyve in peſe:
So wyl I, yf I can:
Wherefore I to the wode wyl go,
Alone, a baniſhyd man.

WOMAN.

Though in the wode, I undirſtode,
Ye had a paramour;
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I will be your.
And ſhe ſhal fynde me ſoft and kynde,
And curteis every hour,
Glad to fulfylle all that ſhe wylle
Commaunde me to my pow'r,
For had ye loo, an hundred moo;
Yet wolde I be that one:
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

Myne own dere love, I ſee the prove,
That ye be kynde and trewe;
Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyf,
The beſt that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad; be no more ſad;
The caſe is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that for your trouth,
Ye ſhulde have cauſe to rewe.

Be not dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
To you when I began:
I wyl not to the grene wode go;
I am no banishyd man.

WOMAN.

Theis tidings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a quene;
Yf I were sure, they should endure:
But it is often seen,
When men wyl breke promyse, they speke
The wordis on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle,
And stele fro me, I wene.
Then were the case wurs than it was;
And I more woo begon;
For in my mynde, of al mankynde,
I love but you alone.

MAN.

Ye shall not nede further to drede:
I wyl not disparage
You. God defende; syth you descende
Of so grete a lynage.
Now understande, to Westmerlande,
Whiche is my herytage,
I wyl you bringe; and with a rynge,
By way of maryage
I wyl you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can.
Thus have ye wone an erlie's son,
And not a banishyd man.

HENRY AND EMMA,

A POEM, *upon the model of the* NUT-BROWN MAID.

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend; at whose command,
(Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play;
Careless of what the cens'ring world may say:
Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall *the Nut-brown Maid* be old;
Tho' since her youth three hundred years have roll'd.
At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd;
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.
No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love, and not be lov'd again:
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd:
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.
And while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame;
O fairest of the sex! be thou my muse:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse.

Let me partake the bleſſings I rehearſe,
And grant me, love, the juſt reward of verſe.
As beauty's potent Queen, with ev'ry grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
And as her ſon has to my boſom dealt
That conſtant flame, which faithful Henry felt:
O let the ſtory with thy life agree;
Let men once more the bright example ſee;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor ſend me by thy frown from her I love,
Diſtant and ſad, a baniſh'd man to rove.
But oh! with pity long intreated crown
My pains and hopes; when thou ſay'ſt that one
Of all mankind thou lov'ſt; oh! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Iſis and her huſband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the ſame,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
Great gifts beſtow'd, and great reſpect receiv'd.
When dreadful Edward with ſucceſsful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
This Lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully diſcharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witneſs of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign ſpoil.
From the loud camp retir'd and noiſy court,
In honourable eaſe and rural ſport,
The remnant of his days he ſafely paſt;
Nor found they lagg'd too ſlow, nor flew too faſt,

He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.
One child he had, a daughter chast and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame
Who gave the virgin birth, had born the name.
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as when little round his knees she play'd;
He call'd her oft in sport his *Nut-brown Maid:*
The friends and senants took the fondling word;
As still they please, who imitate their lord:
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun:
The mutual terms around the lands were known;
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.
As with her stature, still her charms encreas'd;
Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who faireſt is esteem'd, where all are fair?
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find, report for once had lessen'd truth:
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came; they saw; they marvell'd: and they lov'd.
By public praises, and by secret sighs
Each own'd the general pow'r of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and turnaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.

Great Venus only muſt direct the dart,
Which elſe will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spight of th' attempts of force, and ſoft effects of art.
Great Venus muſt prefer the happy one:
In Henry's cauſe her favour muſt be ſhown:
And Emma, of mankind, muſt love but him alone.
While theſe in public to the caſtle came,
And by their grandeur juſtify'd their flame;
More ſecret ways the careful Henry takes;
His ſquires, his arms, and equipage forſakes:
In borrow'd name, and falſe attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to ſee the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntſman's habit dreſt,
Henry on foot purſues the bounding beaſt.
In his right hand his beachen pole he bears:
And graceful at his ſide his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where ſhe has bent her way,
With knowing ſkill he drives the future prey.
Bids her decline the hill, and ſhun the brake;
And ſhews the path her ſteed may ſafeſt take.
Directs her ſpear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praiſes in no common ſound.

A falc'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarſels, and of lures he talks.
Upon his wriſt the tow'ring merlin ſtands;
Practis'd to riſe, and ſtoop at her commands.
And when ſuperior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble rev'rence he accoſts the fair;
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.

Yet ſtill, as from the ſportive field ſhe goes,
His downcaſt eye reveals his inward woes,
And by his look and ſorrow is expreſt,
A nobler game purſu'd than bird or beaſt.
A ſhepherd now along the plain he roves;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighb'ring ſwains around the ſtranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his ſong:
While, with ſoft ſorrow, he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praiſe.
But ſoon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raiſes to a nobler ſtrain,
With dutiful reſpect and ſtudious fear;
Leſt any careleſs ſound offend her ear.
A frantic gipſey now the houſe he haunts,
And in wild phraſes ſpeaks diſſembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmiſtry he deals:
They tell the ſecret firſt, which he reveals:
Says who ſhall wed, and who ſhall be begull'd;
What groom ſhall get, and ſquire maintain the child.
But when bright Emma wou'd her fortune know;
A ſofter look unbends his op'ning brow.
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye;
And in ſoft accents forms the kind reply;
That ſhe ſhall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choiceſt gifts are all reſerv'd for her.
Now oft had Henry chang'd his ſly diſguiſe,
Unmark'd by all, but beauteous Emma's eyes:
Oft had found means alone to ſee the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft the pangs of abſence to remove
By letters, ſoft interpreters of love:

Till time and induſtry (the mighty two
That bring our wiſhes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a ſhare of Henry's pain.
While Cupid ſmil'd, by kind occaſion bleſs'd,
And, with the ſecret kept, the love encreas'd;
The am'rous youth frequents the ſilent groves;
And much he meditates for much he loves.
He loves: 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his joys: but will they long remain?
Emma with ſmiles receives his preſent flame:
But ſmiling, will ſhe ever be the ſame?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And ſummer ſeas are turn'd by ſudden winds:
Another love may gain her eaſie youth:
Time changes thought; and flatt'ry conquers truth.
O impotent eſtate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal ſtrife;
Where fleeting joy does laſting doubt inſpire;
And moſt we queſtion, what we moſt deſire.
Amongſt thy various gifts, great Heav'n, beſtow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauſeous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleaſurable taſte:
Or deems it not ſincere; or fears it cannot laſt.
With wiſhes rais'd, with jealouſies oppreſt,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breaſt)
By one great trial he reſolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.

If ſcanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame incloſe a ſteady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy ſecure;
And live a ſlave to Hymen's happy pow'r.
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If pois'd aright in reaſon's equal ſcale,
Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from am'rous care,
The latent miſchief from his heart to tear,
Reſume his azure arms, and ſhine again in war.

South of the caſtle, in a verdant glade
A ſpreading beech extends her friendly ſhade:
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft her ſilence had her heart declar'd.
As active ſpring awak'd her infant buds
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half expreſs'd, and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree: and as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark;
Venus had heard the virgin's ſoft addreſs,
That, as the wound, the paſſion might encreaſe.
As potent nature ſhed her kindly ſhow'rs,
And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flow'rs;
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair:
Which as with gay delight the lover found;
Pleas'd with his conqueſt, with her preſent crown'd,
Glorious thro' all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each ſwain the myſtic honour ſhown:
The gift ſtill prais'd, the giver ſtill unknown.

His ſecret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms expreſs,
That unforeſeen miſchance diſturb'd his peace;
That he muſt ſomething to her ear commend,
On which her conduct, and his life depend.
Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd;
The remnant of the day alone ſhe griev'd:
For different this from ev'ry former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear boſom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always bleſs'd her eyes, and own'd her pow'r;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.
Now night advanc'd. The houſe in ſleep were laid,
The nurſe experienc'd, and the prying maid;
And laſt that ſprite, which does inceſſant haunt
The lover's ſteps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay.
For love, fantaſtic pow'r, that is afraid
To ſtir abroad 'till watchfulneſs be laid;
Undaunted then, o'er cliffs and valleys ſtrays;
And leads his vot'ries ſafe thro' pathleſs ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes ſhall find,
Where Cupid goes; tho' he poor guide is blind.
The maiden firſt arriving, ſent her eye
To aſk, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear, and with deſire, with joy and pain
She ſees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his ſteps proclaim no lover's haſte:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are caſt:

His artful boſom heaves diſſembl'd ſighs;
And tears ſuborn'd fall copious from his eyes.
With eaſe, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real ſorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break.
Attentive ſtood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke ſilence firſt: the tale alternate ran.

MAN.

SINCERE O tell me, haſt thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain boſom ever ſtrove
With the firſt tumults of a real love?
Haſt thou now dreaded, and now bleſt his ſway,
By turns averſe, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin ſoftneſs haſt thou e'er bewail'd;
As reaſon yielded, and as love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's reſiſtleſs dart,
His killing pleaſure, his ecſtatic ſmart,
And heav'nly poiſon thrilling thro' thy heart?
If ſo, with pity view my wretched ſtate;
At leaſt deplore, and then forget my fate:
To ſome more happy knight reſerve thy charms,
By fortune favour'd, and ſucceſsful arms:
And only as the ſun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day;
Permit one ſigh, and ſet apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endleſs care.
For me, alas! out-caſt of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire diſgrace:

For lo! these hands in murder are imbru'd;
These trembling feet by justice are pursu'd:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful death attends my longer stay:
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear,
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd
The flames, which long have in my bosom reign'd:
The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care;
His complement of stores, and total war.
O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care:
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indiff'rence of the Nut-brown Maid:
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run;
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe:
For I attest fair Venus, and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obſtruct thy vent'rous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and ſay;
That beauteous Emma vagrant courſes took;
Her father's houſe and civil life forſook;
That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that leſſen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honour once, is always ſtain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming evil ſhun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can abſolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that waſh out ſin, can waſh out ſhame.
Then fly the ſad effects of deſp'rate love;
And leave a baniſh'd man thro' lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapleſs caſe be falſely told
By the raſh young, or the ill-natur'd old:
Let ev'ry tongue its various cenſures chuſe;
Abſolve with coldneſs, or with ſpite accuſe:
Fair truth at laſt her radiant beams will raiſe;
And malice vanquiſh'd heightens virtue's praiſe.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
O! let my preſence make thy travels light;
And potent Venus ſhall exalt my name
Above the rumours of cenſorious fame:
Nor from that buſie demon's reſtleſs pow'r
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth ſhould to the world be known;
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt thou wield the ſword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the ſturdy foe?
When the loud tumult ſpeaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whiſtling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted ſtay,
Perform thy part, and ſhare the dangerous day?
Then, as thy ſtrength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitleſs ſorrow thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy ſafety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
Thy little uſeleſs aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curſe the chance that made thee love
A baniſh'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thaleſtris knew
To ſend the arrow from the twanging yew:
And great in arms, and foremoſt in the war,
Bonduca brandiſh'd high the Britiſh ſpear.
Could thirſt of vengeance, and deſire of fame
Excite the female breaſt with martial flame?
And ſhall not love's diviner pow'r inſpire
More hardy virtue, and more gen'rous fire?
Near thee, miſtruſt not, conſtant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquiſh, fighting by thy ſide.
Tho' my inferior ſtrength may not allow,
That I ſhould bear, or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand I will the ſhaft ſupply,
And joy to ſee thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hoſtile reed, [bleed,
Should'ſt thou (but Heav'n avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou

To ſtop the wounds my fineſt lawn I'd tear;
Waſh them with tears, and wipe them with my hair:
Bleſt, when my dangers and my toils have ſhown,
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HARRY.

But canſt thou, tender maid, canſt thou ſuſtain
Afflictive want, or hunger's preſſing pain?
Thoſe limbs, in lawn and ſofteſt ſilk array'd,
From ſun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? can they reſiſt
The parching dog-ſtar, and the bleak north-eaſt?
When chill'd by adverſe ſnows, and beating rain,
We tread with weary ſteps the longſome plain;
When with hard toil we ſeek our ev'ning food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other houſe,
But the thin covert of ſome gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant ſend thine eye
Around the dreary waſte; and weeping try
(Tho' then, alas! that tryal be too late)
To find thy father's hoſpitable gate
And ſeats, where eaſe and plenty breeding ſate?
Thoſe ſeats, whence long excluded thou muſt mourn:
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy riſe of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede;
Did I but purpoſe to embark with thee,
On the ſmooth ſurface of a ſummer's ſea;

While gentle Zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales;
And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails:
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has ty'd
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild, nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey:
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And chearful sit, to wait my lord's return.
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer;
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food:
With humble duty and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast:
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring;
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And when at night with weary toil oppress't,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous ask at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thought shall fix, my latest wish depend
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart: and grateful let him own,
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'ſt me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildneſs of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goeſt, unhappyeſt of thy kind,
Muſt leave the habit, and the ſex behind.
No longer ſhall thy comely treſſes break
In flowing ringlets on thy ſnowy neck;
Or ſit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful breeds with various ribbon bound;
No longer ſhall the boddice aptly lac'd,
From thy full boſom to thy ſlender waſte,
That air and harmony of ſhape expreſs,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully leſs:
Nor ſhall thy lower garments artful pleat,
From thy fair ſide dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaſte beauties with a modeſt pride,
And double ev'ry charm they ſeek to hide.
Th' ambroſial plenty of thy ſhining hair
Cropt off and loſt, ſcarce lower than thy ear
Shall ſtand uncouth: a horſe-man's coat ſhall hide
Thy taper ſhape, and comelineſs of ſide:
The ſhort trunk-hoſe ſhall ſhow thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-ſight free:
And with a bolder ſtride, and looſer air,
Mingl'd with men, a man thou muſt appear.
Nor ſolitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Miſtaken maid, ſhalt thou in foreſts find:
'Tis long ſince Cynthia and her train were there:
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and out-laws ſhall offend thy view:
For ſuch muſt be my friends, a hideous crew

By adverſe fortune mix'd in ſocial ill,
Train'd to aſſault, and diſciplin'd to kill:
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's laſh ſtill flagrant on their back:
By ſloth corrupted, by diſorder fed,
Made bold by want, and proſtitute for bread:
With ſuch muſt Emma hunt the tedious day,
Aſſiſt their violence, and divide their prey:
With ſuch ſhe muſt return at ſetting light,
Tho' not partaker, witneſs of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable ſounds,
And pitying love, muſt feel the hateful wounds
Of jeſt obſcene, and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred queſtion, and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worſe,
Muſt hear the frequent oath, the direful curſe,
That lateſt weapon of the wretches war,
And blaſphemy, ſad comrade of deſpair.
Now, Emma, now the laſt reflection make,
What thou would'ſt follow, what thou muſt forſake;
By our ill-omen'd ſtars, and adverſe heav'n,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love;
Or leave a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to ſuffer what thy honour hates:
Mix thee amongſt the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths, which virtue bids thee ſhun.
Yet with her Henry ſtill let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but ſhare the woe:

And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst; if Henry still be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has essay'd no danger, gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant constancy has fix'd her seat:
In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flatt'ry she rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone these little charms I dress:
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone:
For thee again they shall be laid aside:
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee: my cloaths, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extream of human infamy!
Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black soot, or yellow walnut shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look, or colour be express
The mark of ought high-born, or over better dress'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes.
Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can absolve; if he shall own,
That leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildeſt thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou prefer'ſt to go
Wild to the woods with me: ſaid Emma ſo?
Or did I dream what Emma never ſaid?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whoſe roving fancy would reſolve the ſame
With him, who next ſhould tempt her eaſy ſame;
And blow with empty words the ſuſceptible flame.
Now why ſhould doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confeſs thy frailty, and avow the ſex:
No longer looſe deſire for conſtant love
Miſtake; but ſay, 'tis man with whom thou long'ſt to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poiſons, racks, and flames, and ſwords;
That Emma thus muſt die by Henry's words?
Yet what could ſwords or poiſon, racks or flame,
But mangle and diſjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's fame.

And fall theſe ſayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil ſpeech, and ſoft perſuaſion hung;
Whoſe artful ſweetneſs and harmonious ſtrain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd ſighs, and tears, and wiles to its aid;
And, whilſt it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldneſs of the Nut-brown Maid?

Let envious jealouſie, and canker'd ſpight
Produce my actions to ſevereſt light,
And tax my open day, or ſecret night.

Did e'er my tongue ſpeak my unguarded heart
The leaſt inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And haſt thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I muſt ever own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'ſt of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our ſex is one.
Falſe are our words; and fickle is our mind:
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to laſt, or promiſes to bind.
By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by ſtrength or cunning we invade;
When arm'd with rage we march againſt the foe;
We lift the battle-ax, and draw the bow:
When fir'd with paſſion we attack the fair;
Deluſive ſighs and brittle vows we bear:
Our falſhood and our arms have equal uſe;
As they our conqueſt, or delight produce.
The fooliſh heart thou gav'ſt, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give,
To be leſs wretched, be no longer true:
What ſtrives to fly thee, why ſhould'ſt thou purſue?
Forget the preſent flame, indulge a new,
Single the loveliеſt of th' am'rous youth;
Aſk for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou ſhalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, perſiſt, o'ercome, and leave.

Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why should'st thou weep? let nature judge our case,
I saw thee young, and fair; pursu'd the chase
Of youth, and beauty: I another saw
Fairer, and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursu'd
More youth, more beauty: blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms:
With present power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my subjected mind
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life thro' one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most compleatly curst?

Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our diff'rent care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend,
A servant: (she may scorn the name of friend.)
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll plait her hair:
My busie diligence shall deck her board;
(For there at least I may approach my lord)
And when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence; with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.
Yet when encreasing grief brings slow disease;
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect:
With virgin honours let my herse be deckt,
And decent emblem; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid,
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breath
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;

To her, who dying, on the wounded ſtone
Bid it in laſting characters be known,
That, of mankind, ſhe lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, ſolemn Jove; and conſcious Venus, hear;
And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilſt I ſwear;
No time, no change, no future flame ſhall move
The well-plac'd baſis of my laſting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At leaſt excuſe a trial too ſevere:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
No baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight deſires to quit thy arms,
Faireſt collection of thy ſex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth:
Henry, thy Henry with eternal truth,
As thou may'ſt wiſh, ſhall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.
In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illuſtrious earl: him terrible in war
Let Loyre confeſs; for ſhe has felt his ſword,
And trembling fled before the Britiſh lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
For ſhe amidſt his ſpacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And ſees his num'rous herd imprint her ſands.
And thou, my fair, my dove, ſhalt raiſe thy thought
To greatneſs next to empire; ſhalt be brought
With ſolemn pomp to my paternal ſeat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word ſhall wait,

Muſic and ſong ſhall wake the marriage-day:
And while the prieſts accuſe the bride's delay;
Myrtles and roſes ſhall obſtruct her way.

Friendſhip ſhall ſtill thy evening feaſts adorn;
And blooming peace ſhall ever bleſs thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race ſhall run:
And age unheeded by delight come on;
While yet ſuperior love ſhall mock his pow'r:
And when old time ſhall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold;
What reſts of both, one ſepulchre ſhall hold.

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breaſt
(That heav'n of ſoftneſs, and that ſeat of reſt)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forreſts rove.

EMMA.

O day the faireſt ſure that ever roſe!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and ſource of her delight;
O! wing'd with pleaſure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent Queen of Love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and juſt and good?
And is there yet no miſtreſs in the wood?
None, none there is: the thought was raſh and vain;
A falſe idea, and a fancy'd pain.
Doubt ſhall for ever quit my ſtrengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealouſie's corroding ſmart;
Nor other inmate ſhall inhabit there,
But ſoft belief, young joy, and pleaſing care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And *Fortune*'s various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet, the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands;
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the profer'd grace:
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and love's superior pow'rs
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With pow'r invested, and with pleasure chear'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
Which human vows at smoaking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life, subservient only to thy joys;
And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the conſtant pair alternate ſaid,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and ſportive *Loves*, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To chuſe propitious ſhafts, a precious ſtore:
That when their god ſhould take his future darts,
To ſtrike (however rarely) conſtant hearts,
His happy ſkill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleaſure, and all wing'd with joy:
And thoſe, they vow'd, whoſe lives ſhould imitate
Theſe lovers conſtancy, ſhould ſhare their fate.
The Queen of Beauty ſtop'd her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the *Loves*;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the god of war:
Soon as ſhe calls, the god is always near.
(Now Mars, ſhe ſaid, let fame exalt her voice;
Nor let thy conqueſts only be her choice:
But when ſhe ſings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hoſtile ſpear and captive ſhield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield:
And when, as prudent Saturn ſhall complent
The years deſign'd to perfect Britain's ſtate,
The ſwift-wing'd power ſhall take her trump again,
To ſing her fav'rite Anna's wondrous reign;
To rebollect unweary'd Marlbro's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his ſpoils;
The Britiſh ſoldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquiſh'd by his hand:

Let her at leaſt perform what I deſire;
With ſecond breath the vocal braſs inſpire;
And tell the nations in no vulgar ſtrain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And when thy tumults and thy fights are paſt;
And when thy lawrels at my feet are caſt;
Faithful may'ſt thou, like Britiſh Henry prove:
And Emma-like let me return thy love.
Renown'd for truth, let all thy ſons appear;
And conſtant beauty ſhall reward their care.
Mars ſmil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the ſky;
And thou, ſhe ſmiling ſaid, great god of days
And verſe, behold my deed, and ſing my praiſe,
As on the Britiſh earth, my fav'rite iſle,
Thy gentle rays and kindeſt influence ſmile,
Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy theſe memorable loves.
From ev'ry annual courſe let one great day,
To celebrated ſports and floral play
Be ſet aſide; and in the ſofteſt lays
Of thy poetic ſons, be ſolemn praiſe,
And everlaſting marks of honour paid,
To *the true lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.*

9 DE 63

AN

ODE

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE

QUEEN,

ON THE

GLORIOUS SUCCESS

OF

HER MAJESTY's ARMS,

MDCCVI.

Written in imitation of SPENSER's ſtyle.

Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
Duraque tellus audit Iberiæ:
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compoſitis venerantur armis. Hor.

ODE

THE PREFACE.

WHEN I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an ode, than for any other sort of poetry: I therefore set HORACE before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

which he wrote in praise of DRUSUS after his expedition into GERMANY, and of AUGUSTUS upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, tho' I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the subject and my own imagination carry'd me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin, determin'd me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman SPENSER; which I have done (as well at least as I could) in the manner of my expression, and the

turn of my number: having only added one verſe to his ſtanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided ſuch of his words, as I found too obſolete. I have however retained ſome few of them, to make the colouring look more like SPENCER's. *Beheſt*, command; *band*, army; *proweſs*, ſtrength; *I weet*, I know; *I ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my MUSE leſs handſome, though for once ſhe appears in a farthingale. I have alſo in SPENSER's manner, uſed *Caeſar* for the Emperor, *Boyn* for Bavaria, *Baner* for that Prince, *Iſter* for Danube, *Iberia* for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the ode which I juſt now mentioned,

Gens, quae cremato fortis ab Ilio
Jactata Tuſcis aequoribus, &c.

where HORACE praiſes the Romans, as being deſcended from Aeneas, I have turned to the honour of the BRITISH nation, deſcended from BRUTE, likewiſe a TROJAN. That this BRUTE, fourth or fifth from Aeneas, ſettled in ENGLAND, and built LONDON, which he called *Troja Nova*, or *Troynovant*, is a ſtory which (I think) owes its original if not to GEOFFRY of Monmouth, at leaſt to the Monkiſh writers, yet is not rejected by our great CAMDEN, and is told by MILTON, as if (at leaſt) he was pleaſed

with it; though possibly he does not believe it: however it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that BRUTE came into ENGLAND, as that ÆNEAS went into ITALY; and upon the supposition of these facts, VIRGIL wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and SPENSER paid Queen ELIZABETH the greatest compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my heroe

From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood:

whereas he was not born, when that city was destroyed. VIRGIL, in the case of his own ÆNEAS relating to DIDO, will stand as a sufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, HORACE and SPENSER, in many things resemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majesty of expression in describing the sublime; and both know to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that *curiosa felicitas* in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and so very few have reached: both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two masters to the consideration and study of

those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted PARNASSUS, and all the flow'ry roads on that side the country; though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

9 DE 63

AN ODE,

HUMBLE INSCRIBED TO THE

QUEEN.

I.

WHEN great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,
And sent his conqu'ring bands to foreign wars;
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home;
He saw his fame increasing with his years:
Horace, great bard (so fate ordain'd) arose;
And bold, as were his countrymen in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from dogtading prose,
And set their battles in eternal light:
High as their trumpets tune his lyre he strung;
And with his prince's arms he morals'd his song.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,
Widely distributing her high commands;
And boldly wise, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic hands;
An equal genius was in Spenser found:
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays:
He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise:
Reciting wond'rous truths in pleasing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

III.

But, greatest Anna! while thy arms pursue
Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,
Which nor Augustus, nor Eliza knew;
What poet shall be found to sing thy name?
What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
O fairest model of imperial sway
What equal pen shall write thy wond'rous reign?
Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,
Not yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse?

IV.

Me all too mean for such a taske I weet:
Yet if the sov'reign lady deigns to smile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And cloath the verse in Spenser's native style.
By these examples rightly taught to sing,
And suit with pleasure of my country's praise,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raise:
And latest times shall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlbro's hardy deed.

V.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
Mindless of warlike rage, and hostile care,
Plays round the rocky cliff, or crystal flood;
'Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
His bosom with the vengeful message glows:
Upward the noble bird directs his wing;
And tow'ring round his master's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal flock of ire;
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlbro ſate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land;
'Till Anna calls him from his ſoft retreat,
And gives her ſecond thunder to his hand.
Then leaving ſweet repoſe, and gentle eaſe,
With ardent ſpeed he ſeeks the diſtant foe:
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and ſeas,
He meditates, and ſtrikes the wond'rous blow.
Our thought flies ſlower than our general's fame;
Graſps he the bolt? (we aſk) when he has hurl'd the flame.

VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's ſpacious plain
Did from afar the Britiſh chief behold;
Betwixt deſpair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring boſom roll'd:
He views that fav'rite of indulgent fame,
Whom whilom he had met on Iſter's ſhoar;
Too well, alas! the man he knows the ſame,
Whoſe prowess there repell'd the Boyan pow'r;
And ſent them trembling thro' the frighted lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's ſcatter'd ſands.

VIII.

His former loſſes he forgets to grieve;
Abſolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
It now would ſhine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His ſide ſtill ſmarting with the hunter's ſpear,
Tho' deeply wounded, no way yet diſmay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war;

In ſullen fury traverſes the plain,
To find the vent'rous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Miſguided prince! no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the heroe to unequal war;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confeſs the force of Marlbro's ſtronger ſtar.
Thoſe lawrel groves (the merits of thy youth)
Which thou from Mahomet didſt greatly gain,
While bold aſſertor of reſiſtleſs truth,
Thy ſword did godlike liberty maintain,
Muſt from thy brow their falling honours ſhed;
And their tranſplanted wreaths muſt deck a worthier head.

X.

Yet ceaſe the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confeſs:
'Tis thou art chang'd; while heav'n is ſtill the ſame:
From thy ill councils date thy ill ſucceſs.
Impartial juſtice holds her equal ſcales:
'Till ſtronger virtue does the weight incline:
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails;
He now defends the cauſe, that once was thine.
Righteous the war, the champion ſhall ſubdue;
For Jove's great handmaid Power, muſt Jove's decrees purſue.

XI.

Hark! the dire trumpets ſound their ſhrill alarms:
Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Naſſaus,
Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious ſword with dauntleſs courage draws:

When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
And all of William that was mortal dy'd;
The faithful heroe had receiv'd this ſword
From his expiring maſter's much-lov'd ſide.
Oft from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
Where-e'er great William led, or Maeſe and Sambre [run.

XII.

But brandiſh'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy juſteſt fear,
The maſter ſword, diſpoſer of thy power:
'Tis that which Caeſar gave the Britiſh peer.
He took the gift: nor ever will I ſheath
This ſteel (ſo Anna's high beheſts ordain)
The general ſaid, unleſs by glorious death
Abſolv'd, till conqueſt has confirm'd your reign.
Returns like theſe our miſtreſs bids us make,
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia ruſhes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
So Volga's ſtream, increas'd by mountain ſnows,
Rolls with new fury down thro' Ruſſia's lands.
Like two great rocks againſt the raging tide
(If virtue's force with nature's we compare)
Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
Suſtain the impulſe, and receive the war.
Round their firm ſides in vain the tempeſt beats;
And ſtill the foaming wave with leſſen'd power retreats.

XIV.

The rage diſpers'd, the glorious pair advance,
With mingl'd anger, and collected might,

To turn the war, and tell aggreſſing France,
How Britain's ſons, and Britain's friends can fight.
On conqueſt fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them ruſhing thro' the Gallic hoſt.
Thro' ſtanding corn ſo runs the ſudden flame,
Or eaſtern winds along Sicilia's coaſt.
They deal their terrors to the adverſe nation:
Pale death attends their arms, and ghaſtly deſolation.

XV.

But while with fierceſt ire Bellona glows;
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
While Britain preſſes her afflicted foes;
What horror damps the ſtrong, and quells the great?
Whence look the ſoldiers cheeks diſmay'd and pale?
Erſt ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The hoſtile troops, I ween, almoſt prevail;
And the purſuers only not recede.
Alas! their leſſen'd rage proclaims their grief!
For anxious, lo! they croud around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
Let Boya's trumpet grateful Io's ſound:
I ſaw him fall, their thunderbolt of war:——
Ever to vengeance ſacred be the ground——
Vain wiſh! ſhort joy! the heroe mounts again
In greater glory, and with fuller light:
The ev'ning ſtar ſo falls into the main,
To riſe at morn more prevalently bright.
He riſes ſafe, but near, too near his ſide,
A good man's grievous loſs, a faithful ſervant dy'd.

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd:
The foe with leſſen'd wrath diſputes the field:
The Briton fights, by fav'ring gods ſuſtain'd:
Freedom muſt live; and lawleſs power muſt yield.
Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
That wav'ring conqueſt ſtill deſires to rove!
In Marlbro's camp the goddeſs knows to dwell:
Long as the heroe's life remains her love.
Again France flies: again the Duke purſues:
And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
From thy triumphant country's public voice:
Thy country greater thanks can only give
To Anne, to her who made thoſe arms her choice.
Recording Schellenberg's, and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded leſt thou ſhould'ſt thoſe toils repeat:
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic ſpoils;
And in thoſe ſpoils we thought thy praiſe compleat:
For never Greek, we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like theſe did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet mindleſs ſtill of eaſe, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
Thoſe goodly deeds which we ſo highly prize,
Imperfect ſeem, great chief, to thee alone.
Thoſe heights, where William's virtue might have ſtaid,
And on the ſubject world look'd ſafely down,
By Marlbro paſs'd, the props and ſteps were made,
Sublimer yet to raiſe his queen's renown:

Still gaining more, still fighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the heroe deem'd, while ought undone remain'd.

XX.

When swift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled;
He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall;
And thus the royal treaty-breaker said:
And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia, in the name of friend?
Tell me, how far has fortune been severe?
Has the foe's glory, or our grief an end?
Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost,
To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shatter'd coast?

XXI.

To the close rock the frighted raven flies,
Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air:
The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
To dare our British foes to open fight;
Our conquest we by stratagem should make:
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours, by craft and by surprize to gain:
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hostile brood,
Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on silver Thames his dire abodes;

And this be Troynovante, he said, the seat
By heav'n ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place:
Superior here to all the bolts of fate
Live, mindful of the author of your race,
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
Nor great Peleides' arm, nor Juno's rage could tame.

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuart's off-spring flow:
Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield,
Talbot to Gallia's pow'r eternal foe,
And Seymour, fam'd in council, or in field:
Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone,
And Drake, and Ca'ndish, terrors of the sea:
Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny:
Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal:
For oh! who, vanquish'd, loves the victor's fame to tell?

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the oak,
Which on her mountain-top she proudly bears,
Eludes the ax, and sprouts against the stroke;
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars,
And as those teeth, which Cadmus sow'd in earth,
Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies:
So with young vigour, and succeeding birth,
Her losses more than recompens'd arise;
And ev'ry age she with a race is crown'd,
For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obstinate pow'r, whom nothing can repel;
Not the fierce Saxon, nor the Dane,

Nor deep impreſſion of the Norman ſteel,
Nor Europe's force amaſs'd by envious Spain,
Nor France on univerſal ſway intent,
Oft breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars,
Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
Their own inteſtine feuds, and mutual jars;
Thoſe feuds and jars, in which I truſted more,
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic pow'r.

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
What tidings ſhall the meſſenger convey?
Shall the loud herald our ſucceſs relate,
Or mitred prieſt appoint the ſolemn day?
Alas! my praiſes they no more muſt ſing;
They to my ſtatue now muſt bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever is the Gallic pow'r——
The Woman chief is maſter of the war:
Earth ſhe has freed by arms, and vanquiſh'd heav'n by pray'r.

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's deſpair commends
Thy council and thy deed, victorious queen,
What ſhall thy ſubjects ſay, and what thy friends?
How ſhall thy triumphs in our joy be ſeen?
Oh! deign to let the eldeſt of the Nine
Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
Oh! with her ſiſter Sculpture let her join
To raiſe, great Anne, the monument to thee;
To thee, of all our good the ſacred ſpring;
To thee, our deareſt dread; to thee, our ſofter King.

XXVIII.

Let Europe ſav'd the column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where ſembling art may carve the fair effect,
And full atchievement of thy great deſigns.
In a calm heav'n, and a ſerener air,
Sublime the Queen ſhall on the ſummit ſtand,
From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
And pointing down to earth her dread command.
All winds, all ſtorms that threaten human woe,
Shall ſink beneath her feet, and ſpread their rage below.

XXIX.

There fleets ſhall ſtrive by winds and waters toſt;
'Till the young Auſtrian on Iberia's ſtrand,
Great as Aeneas on the Latian coaſt,
Shall fix his foot: and this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain
(The empire's other hope ſhall ſay) and here
Vanquiſh'd, intomb'd I'll lie; or crown'd, I'll reign—
O virtue, to thy Britiſh mother dear!
Like the fam'd Trojan ſuffer and abide;
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone.
Their force deſtroy'd, their privileges ſav'd,
Shall Anna's terrors, and her mercies own:
Spain, from th' uſurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numb'ring the wonders which that youth atchiev'd,
Whom Anna clad in arms, and ſent to war;

Whom Anna ſent to claim Iberia's throne:
And made him more than king, in calling him her ſon.

XXXI.

There Iſter pleas'd, by Blenheim's glorious field
Rolling ſhall bid his eaſtern waves declare
Germania ſav'd by Britain's ample ſhield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her ſpear:
Shall bid them mention Marlbro, on that ſhore
Leading his iſlanders renown'd in arms,
Thro' climes, where never Britiſh chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or ſounded his alarms:
Shall bid them bleſs the Queen, who made his ſtreams
Glorious as thoſe of Boyn, and ſafe as thoſe of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with tow'rs,
With decent joy ſhall her Deliv'rer meet;
Shall own thy arms, great Queen, and bleſs thy pow'rs,
Laying the keys beneath thy ſubject's feet.
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles reſtor'd;
With double vows ſhall bleſs thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having ſheath'd the ſword.
From theſe their ſiſter provinces ſhall know,
How Anne ſupports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright ſwords, and creſted helms, and pointed ſpears
In artful piles around the work ſhall lie;
And ſhields indented deep in ancient wars,
Blazon'd with ſigns of Gallic heraldry;
And ſtandards with diſtinguiſh'd honours bright,
Marks of high pow'r and national command,

Which Valois' ſons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix', or Montmorancy's hand:
Great ſpoils, which Gallia muſt to Britain yield,
From Creſſy's battle ſav'd, to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And as fine art the ſpaces may diſpoſe,
The knowing thought and curious eye ſhall ſee
Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the Britiſh Roſe,
Type of ſweet rule, and gentle majeſty:
The Northern Thiſtle, whom no hoſtile hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's Harp, device of her command,
And parent of her mirth, ſhall there be ſeen:
Thy vanquiſh'd Lilies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall with diſorder'd pomp the laſting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the ground, and on the humble baſe,
To ſave herſelf from darkneſs, and from death,
That Muſe deſires the laſt, the loweſt place;
Who tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling ſtring;
For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
Who durſt of war and martial fury ſing:
And when thy will, and when thy ſubject's hand
Had quell'd thoſe wars, and bid that fury ceaſe;
Hangs up her grateful harp to conqueſt, and to peace.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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Books lately printed by R. *and* A. FOULIS.

Homeri Ilias et Odyſſaea. 4 vol. folio.

Publii Virgilii Maronis Bucolica, Georgica, et Aeneis. Ex editione Petri Burmanni.

Oeuvres de M. Boileau Deſpreaux. 2 tomes.

Spartan Leſſons; or, the Praiſe of Valour; in the Verſes of Tyrtaeus; an ancient Athenian Poet, adopted by the Republic of Lacedaemon, and employed to inſpire their Youth with Warlike Sentiments.

Eſſays; read to a Literary Society; at their Weekly meetings, within the College, at Glaſgow. I. On the Influence of Philoſophy upon the Fine Arts. II. On the Compoſition of the Picture deſcribed in the Dialogue of Cebes. III. On Hiſtorical Compoſition.

Several Diſcourſes concerning the Terms of Acceptance with God. In which I. The Terms themſelves are diſtinctly laid down; as they are propoſed to Chriſtians in the New Teſtament. And, II. Several falſe Notions of the Conditions of Salvation are conſidered. By Benjamin Hoadly, M. A. Rector of St. Peter's Poor (now Lord Biſhop of Wincheſter.)

Greek Teſtament 4to.

Gay's Poems on Several Occaſions. 2 vol.

Hamilton's Poems on Several Occaſions.

Caſtalionis Novum Teſtamentum. 2 vol.